

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## A PARABLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"Where can it be,  
That land of Eldorado?"  
—E. A. Poe.

We toil along Life's pilgrimage  
In sunshine or in shadow;  
And every heart looks yearningly  
Towards its own Eldorado.

Yet, if at last we reach the goal,  
When close the prospect viewing,  
We find the place we thought so fair,  
A desert or a ruin.

But there is a city, golden bright,  
Where none e'er dread the morrow;  
There rested are Toil's weary feet,  
And dried the tears of Sorrow.

A Crown is placed on every dome,  
A Cross on every steeple,  
The Palms of Peace shade every street,  
And white-robed walk the people.

Before it rolls a river deep,  
Fed with the tears of mourning;  
Those who embark on that dark flood,  
Are never seen returning.

Death rows a ghastly boat across,  
Thick clouds around it hover,  
But when CHRIST'S hand is on the helm,  
Safe is the passage over.

Then, Child of Earth, toil bravely on!  
There's sun behind Life's shadow—  
Who wears the Cross, shall wear the Crown,  
In Heaven's true ELDORADO.

## THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.  
AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

### CHAPTER XXIII. MURDER.

There was a late train left Marlville, the station north of Stapleton, every evening for New York, and into the waiting-room the driver who had accosted Leonore hurried that same night to consult the time table. After a glance he went back again to the carriage and spoke with a gentleman who sat there holding the sleeping form of Leonore in his arms. His answer provoked and annoyed the one he addressed so much that his own bearing became less respectful and more dogged instantly. "I didn't engage to do miracles, you know," he said angrily. "If she hadn't brought the other one with her, I could have stopped the carriage on the road before she reached Stapleton; but, you see, you calculated too much on her coming alone. Now we must wait the hour out; there's no help for it."

"Not here," said the other; "let us get out of these lights and this noise."

"I'll turn up the short road under the hill yonder. It's dark and quiet, yet we'll be in sound of the bell when it gives warning."

"Well, hurry then; I've nearly emptied this bottle of ether in keeping her quiet in such an infernal noise."

The disturbance he alluded to was from the wagons and carriages that had been in waiting for the up-train which had just passed through. The driver got upon his seat once more, and the gentleman sat back with the heavy sleeper in his supporting arms, and had kept pretty well out of the line of the lights and crowd of stragglers that always surrounded an expected or departing train. Foremost among them was Crazy Jean, the peddler woman from The Poplars, looking about her eagerly in all directions, till she saw the driver jump from his place and go into the office, and then she slunk out of sight, still keeping the carriage in view however.

When it began to move slowly away she came out of the shelter of a doorway and followed it with great speed, and when at a turn in the road it took an unfrequented path around the foot of the hill, she looked back in vexed expectation, as if waiting for some one who was slow to come. At length, just as the vehicle disappeared among the trees, Barbara, breathless and disordered, came towards her rapidly.

"You're late," said Jean, shortly.

"My courage failed, and I tried to waylay and prevent their meeting; that kept me, and I have ridden by the lower road at a rate that would terrify you to get here in time. Where are they?"

"Down the short path by the hill, waiting till the hour passes."

"Then go home and count your money;

it is well earned, Jean, and the work will soon be done." As she said these words she hurried past her and was soon out of view.

After that hour, on that night, a strange thing happened in the neighborhood of Marlville. Given in the words of Richard Connell, an old servant who had travelled abroad with Mr. Raye, it was as follows:

He, Richard, had not been in Mr. Raye's employ lately for some time. He had left him nearly a year before his marriage and gone to live in the city of New York. He had heard that his late master's wife was a lady of wealth, and supposed they lived together happily, till his master informed him by letter that he wished to re-engage him, as he was about to leave again for Europe, and hinted that domestic differences caused this resolution. He had subsequently understood that a dressing-maid or companion engaged by Mrs. Raye had given rise to some jealousy by receiving attentions of a marked character from Mr. Raye, but only mentioned this as a report.

Mr. Raye had ordered him to drive this young person and himself to the Marlville station on the evening in question, and he had met her on the river road and proceeded by the upper way or short cut to the town. They arrived too late for the early evening train, and so turned into the hill path to wait the intervening time. He believed the young woman was poorly, for he had seen his master support her in his arms, and there was a small bottle with the scent of ether in it found in the bottom of the carriage, but he could not tell anything from observation, for he was occupied in taking care of the horses, that were a little restive. The train was to go at nine, and it might have been about half-past eight, he could not say to the moment, when he felt his master's hand upon his coat, and looking down, saw his body hanging part way out of the carriage window, his head fallen down and apparently in a fit or spasm. He instantly ran to his assistance, and found that he was breathing with great difficulty, apparently in the agonies of death. In great alarm he drew him out of the carriage, and laying him on the roadside endeavored to aid him, but all he could do was useless. Seeing a light a few rods distant he ran to the place, and found it to be one of the out-buildings of a house belonging to one of the principal physicians of the place, who fortunately was at home, and soon joined him. They proceeded to the spot where he had left Mr. Raye and found his body, life being entirely extinct, and then for the first time he remembered the young girl, but the carriage was empty, and no traces of her to be seen. The snow had commenced to fall a half hour before, and was falling so fast just then that any tracks of footsteps were not discoverable, even if they had thought to look for in any direction. It was afterwards discovered that Mr. Raye came to his death through a wound in the lungs, bleeding inwardly, and as no report was heard, the shot must have come from an air-gun in the hand of some person unknown.

There was a good deal of excitement occasioned by this tragedy. Everybody in Stapleton had something to say about it, and the supposed companion of Mr. Raye's last journey could not where he found. Indeed she had not been seen anywhere in the town for nearly a fortnight, and it was supposed that she had gone to New York to await him there, until Richard Connell's story of the elopement was heard.

The narrator himself was not a very pure character, and the magistrate did not regard him as above suspicion. But although he was examined again and again, nothing to criminate himself transpired, and he adhered scrupulously to the same story.

At The Poplars the tale was heard like a dream is remembered; the place was full of an excitement of its own. Leonore had been found lying senseless in the snow in a little dell off the river road by Jean and Barbara, who were returning from Stapleton together, where they had gone to see a sick servant from The Poplars. While there, Barbara had gone over to Marlville to find a woman who sold herbs for medicinal use; she had been in haste to get them, and hired a boy to drive her in a pig, though she did not mention returning in the same conveyance. On the way back she did not exactly tell how she encountered Jean, and they were going on together when they saw a party with lights approaching, and at the same moment they heard groans, and tracing the sound had reached that little fall off the road side where Miss Leonore lay, when the lanterns came up and proved to be carried by men sent from The Poplars to search for the young ladies. Miss Bertha was subsequently discovered at the house of a young lady where she knew, and whither she had gone in despair of being sent for. The half-frozen and altogether stunned Leonore could neither speak nor move at first, and by-and-by a strong fever set in and she became altogether delirious. This was why the story of Mr. Raye's tragic death was only heard like an echo there. Leonore's life hung on a thread so slender for many long days that

each hour threatened to sever it and set its struggle at rest forever.

## CHAPTER XXIV. UNREATHING A KNIFE.

Adah nor Bertha knew nothing of the routine of nursing, and readily gave place to Barbara, who being in authority, excluded all others from even a glimpse of the sick girl's face. Louis was not at The Poplars often now, he was so startled by the news of his friend's violent death, that he devoted himself to tracing out some explanation of the mystery connected with it like one roused to action and interest by a painful shock. He went to New York and engaged the aid of celebrated detectives, and offered a reward for the person of Mrs. Raye's late waiting-maid. The man Richard Connell was detained awhile, but by-and-by the excitement died away; there had been nothing but horror to sustain it, for personally Mr. Raye had gained but few friends at Stapleton, and the story of his poor wife's trials, now beginning to be whispered abroad, made his death appear more like a judgment than a murder. Nothing came of Louis's efforts. Mrs. Raye and her uncle were on their way to New York when the deed was done, and the poor lady soon afterwards died, and the whole story of her unfortunate life closed in the memory of her poor disappointed old uncle, who had given her to the choice of her heart, against his own sense and reason. Like a cloud at sunrise Jean had melted away the morning after they had brought Leonore home out of the snow, the kitchen people, after being up all night flying about in strong excitement with all kinds of needful and needless remedies, turned to indemnify themselves with long accounts of how it all happened, given in Jean's usually dilated manner, but found to their dismay she had disappeared, pack and all. This unsatisfactory proceeding of hers was much commented on—the more so, as Barbara, never communicative at best, had grown more taciturn than ever since her employment as nurse, and according to Mollie, "looked at every one with staring eyes, as if they were ghosts, and she was afraid they would haunt her."

Margery explained it by saying that the housekeeper didn't sleep or eat, which she considered two failures on her part sufficient to account for any peculiarity in the world. But Barbara's care was successful, which seemed to be all she asked. Dr. Wilson told Mrs. Wallace, whom he met in the drawing-room one morning after his usual visit, that Miss Raye was quite sure to recover, in fact she was almost well, and he added, that anything like the devotion of that woman in charge he had never witnessed.

"Who is she?" he asked.

Mrs. Wallace only knew her as Barbara the house-keeper, she said. Miss Boscard used to place great trust and confidence in her, and poor Miss Copeland regarded her highly too. It was well, the kind lady said, that such young creatures had so reliable a person in their household.

"Yes," Dr. Wilson replied. "Certainly, to be sure," but Mrs. Wallace, who though not generally observant, was always keenly alive where her own particular interests were at stake, hesitated to ask.

"If he really did think so, or had he seen reason to—?" Mrs. Wallace could not quite find the word she meant, she paused and hesitated.

"I don't follow you," said the doctor. "Do you ask me if I think this woman is a friend to the twin sisters? I do not—she thinks of no one but Miss Raye, and has made my patient an object absorbing that I don't hear her having any feeling left of a tender heart."

This was all the doctor said, and all Mrs. Wallace had to found an objection upon, which she presently began to entertain towards the discreet and quiet housekeeper.

Adah had begun to feel as responsible and self-sustained as any one can whose vocation and dependence only take another form; she had transferred her hold from Leonore to Mrs. Wallace, and felt that she was standing alone, and in her own strength; being one of those whose love is a sort of usage, she had changed her habit and disposition with much of the affection she thought she used to feel.

Bertha had not yet caught another support to twine about, but Leonore was removed from her, and she stood away one way and another, and missed her one moment, and felt a yearning for something never and pleasant to rest.

Mrs. Wallace seized the hour of uncertainty, and began to train the loose tendrils round her own will.

Sickness was painful and entirely objectionable to both girls, Barbara was particularly overbearing to Bertha, so she saved herself from encountering either by keeping away from Leonore's room. They sent every day, sometimes in fast life of remorse, so very often, that Barbara would forbid further communication, and then Bertha would cry and fret and say to Adah,

"We don't seem to have anything our way,

somebody else can always scold us and bother us. Oh, dear, it seems as if Leonore ought to be ashamed of her determination to walk from Stapleton by this time."

"Mrs. Wallace says it was only another instance of her erratic style, and you know Olivia used not to like it," Adah said this, as she always gave expression to her new views now-a-days, choosing for them the double patronage of Mrs. Wallace's judgment and her sister's memory.

But Leonore, despite the disaffection going on in the little family, improved hourly, and soon became well enough to appear in the sitting-room once more.

It happened to be the evening of Louis's return from New York, where he had been staying for some weeks, tracing the faint illusive threads of evidence that seemed to lead to an explanation of Mr. Raye's death, but which had at the last moment faded into nothing, and left him where he had begun, with Richard Connell's story uncontradicted and still incomplete.

Mrs. Wallace had come over to herald her son's arrival, and suggest a becoming toilet that it did not always occur to Adah to make. She found the drawing-room empty, and learning from the servant that the young ladies were in the sitting-room with Miss Raye, begged to be allowed to see them there.

Barbara had just brought her charge out on exhibition. Yes, that seemed the word, for the two girls were hovering over her in childish admiration. Leonore's beauty was essential; every curve and line of her face and figure were faultlessly lovely; it was the variety of her expression that changed her in the eyes of beholders, and made her seem beautiful or the reverse. Now she was herself, a trifle wasted by fever, which added a rare transparency to her delicate coloring, but so perfectly passive and purely and peacefully still, that she seemed to represent a figure of unshadowed rest. Her nurse was a cunning tire woman, and had arrayed her in exquisite robes of white, soft, fleecy, shining white, with delicate lace and dainty frills in graceful profusion; and there she lay in her crimson chair, with that soft shadow brooding over her lustrous eyes and a dawning light upon her slightly parted lips.

"You must not talk to her much, please, Miss Adah," said Barbara; "she may lie and listen, but she is very weak yet, and you must not expect her to speak."

"Oh, how lovely she looks," cried Bertha, her enthusiasm returning, now that its object was there once more to claim it. "I was afraid we should never see you here again, it is such a dreary kind of house, you know, and one cannot tell what is going to happen next in it."

"My dear Adah, Louis will be here presently," interposed Mrs. Wallace. "I know his impatience to see you, and came over without ceremony, you see, to announce ourselves as guests for the evening."

Adah, who had taken her place at Leonore's side, with one hand in hers, while Bertha fluttered around, touching the beautifully arranged hair of the invalid, looked up, as if for the instant she had forgotten all about Mr. Wallace.

"Certainly," she said, coming back to her hostess's duties. "I shall be most happy. We have promised Leonore to sit with her till Barbara drives away; and then he can see you too, Leonore. You don't know how beautiful you look, does she, Bertha?"

Leonore made a hasty motion of dissent, but Barbara strove to check it—neither were noticed, for the servant's voice at the door announced Mr. Wallace. Bertha and Adah cried together, "show him in here," while Mrs. Wallace's cough of objection and Leonore's startled "No, no," passed unregarded.

He came—and his first glance flew to the face he had not seen for so long. His mother's heart sank within her as she noted the eager, enchanted gaze, and the delighted edges chorused together.

"Does she not look lovely? we knew you'd be pleased to see her."

Barbara stood in the background, she never before lingered in the presence of guests; now she made a front of arranging Leonore's cushions that she might do so. Her eyes, keen as a hawk's, took in every change in Leonore's face, and watched the reflection in Leonore's. His mother's hopes, his faith to the dead, his own will and reason, all seemed to go from him as he looked; he drew near and spoke, and his voice seemed to catch a new tone in naming her. She was very weak still, and answered him faintly, but her face brightened as she listened to his words.

Like moths fluttering round a light, the twin sisters came closer, and their fair expressions beamed with interest and fondness, in contrast, they hung about her with their insipid fondness, and he half-shuddered as he compared them. It was a time of repelling, for Leonore had come back from the verge of the grave, so no one spoke of sorrow. Their laughter sounded lightly through the hitherto hushed rooms. Their spirits, untroubled from a frozen weight, and gently came back like a welcome guest, a faint shade of fear or remorse had still like a shadow over Leonore's eyes when she

first raised them to Louis's face; it vanished now, and with it went the traces of illness, sorrow, or any future dread; the present seemed to hold all of life she asked, and she took the lover's cup of joy without a question and drained it with delight. It gave her strength, and made her radiant with the light of joy. She laughed, and her voice was irresistible music that conquered all who listened; it was in vain to question her power. Mrs. Wallace, with all her prejudices, yielded for the moment, and with a faint consciousness of inspiring her own cause still left free from the fascination that enveloped her judgment, smiled and listened while the hours flew away—the happiest hours that had dawned for many a day on the old Poplars.

Why did Barbara slip away, and stealing out on the veranda, peep in among the rich curtains, partly drawn from the window, to catch another glimpse of that beaming face in the great crimson chair? No one could tell, nor could they surmise what errand took her creeping and winding up the great stairway to the state chamber, where Adah and Bertha had been sleeping since Leonore's illness. She started at the least sound in her upward way, and when she reached the door, seemed lacking in the strength to open it. A strong purpose came to nerve her, for her hesitation lived but a moment, and she went steadily in. There were lights there, but the room was vast and full of shadows—among which she stole like a dark and guilty thing. The great ebony cabinet at the other end of the room, had a branch light burning near it, and the falling door lay open. The curious odor so strangely familiar met her sense as she drew near, and guided by it she touched each tiny compartment to find an answering spring. Each one disappointed her, and her fingers trembled and failed like things over which her power was uncertain. She was fixed on some purpose, and eager and aglow to fulfill it, but her nerves trembled and betrayed her, and she shook in every outward fibre though her inward purpose was fixed and deadly. An evil spirit aided her; a slide she had touched a score of times and found immovable, suddenly gave way and disclosed a deep, silver saucer, lined with porcelain, and three tiny vials wrapped in fine leather. Her hand clutched these with convulsive eagerness, and she laughed—it was a sound of horror even in her own ears—she looked about her swiftly to see that no living thing was near, then replaced the slide and ranged the little bottles in order, with a fine sponge and a pair of scissors to cut the fastening close beside them. She looked at them thus spread out and thought, "Can I trust them; will they serve my purpose?"

## CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Grover, of Brookside, and her two daughters, had been visiting for a fortnight in a neighboring city, and had returned, bringing with them some gray company, for whose benefit they had arranged an evening entertainment of a musical character, when suddenly their morning preparations for a grand quartette, in which so much sound formed an essential part that the melody was almost smothered, came to a close by the screaming and breathless intelligence of their maid Janet, that "The two young ladies at 'The Poplars' was a dying most awful—and the house was full of doctors; and Mr. Louis was raving mad out of his senses with sorrow and grief."

Such terrible news stopped the four performers on the two pianos, and made Miss Jennie and Mrs. Phoebe turn very white with the shock of the announcement.

Their mother, not less disturbed, hastily dispatched a messenger to find out the truth of the story, and meantime consulted hastily about the propriety of deferring the party.

"We have been very friendly with the unfortunate people at 'The Poplars,'" she said, "and it will seem like heartlessness on our parts under these terrible circumstances to think of enjoying ourselves."

So Phoebe began to write notes, and Jennie ran back and forward from the hall door to the drawing-room, to try and bring news of the returning messenger. He came at length, with very ill tidings. Adah Copeland had expired that morning in a state of stupor, like one struck with paralysis; but her sister, though similarly affected, had rallied from her insensibility for a time, and they had some hope of saving her till a few moments before the messenger's arrival, when she had died in a short but powerful convulsion.

Mr. Wallace and his mother were there, and they had sent for the Darwoods and Wetheringtons in their fright; the house was filled with doctors, and no clue had yet been discovered as to the cause of their terrible death.

Instead of the musical party, a frightened gathering met at Mrs. Grover's to discuss the fearful visitation in all its bearings, and exchange opinions on a subject about which no one could form a reasonable conjecture. While they were in a perfect maze of speculations and groans, and head-shakings, Mrs. Darwood arrived—and almost fresh from











## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1898.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called—

**THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPPERS.** by Mrs. Margaret Hoomer, author of "The Montezuma," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hoomer's story with—

**TRYING THE WORLD.** by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Candida," &c.

**ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.** by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "John a Woman Had Her Way," "A Dead Man's Rite," &c.

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**A True Story.**

The Marquis de B—, while pursuing the chase in a very remote and lonely part of France, had the misfortune to fall into one of those pits which are dug for the purpose of storing winter vegetables. Here he remained several hours. At the end of the time he heard footsteps approaching and tried to help. A band of peasants appeared and looked over the edge, but far from aiding him, they expected that he should give them every article in his possession. He was about to comply with this outrageous demand, when, by accident, a young girl who was reaching over the edge to receive something from his hands fell down on him. The Marquis then told her friends that unless they at once drew him out the girl should suffer for it. Alarmed at this, the brute scampers away. Finding the servants of the Marquis on the lookout for him, they gave the latter false information as to where he was to be found, the result of which was that the couple remained in the pit for three days and nights. Some one more compassionate than the rest threw them in a blanket and some food. The Marquis to his astonishment found his fellow prisoners very pretty, intelligent, and agreeable, and suffered less from hunger than might have been supposed. At the end of the time, their lives having been heard by the girls' chamberlain, or rural police, they were rescued.

The Marquis took his prize, and was immediately escorted to Paris, where he had her educated, and she became in due time his *chère main*. Dying, he left her a piece of land and a house in the suburbs of Paris, which by the rise of property became worth in three years three several millions of francs. At present the former peasant girl has an Italian title, and she is received in the first society.

A little boy in Lowell was asked how many miles make a cent. "Ten, sir," was the prompt reply. Immediately a bright faced little girl held up her hand in token of dissent. "Well, miss, what have you to say?" "Please, sir, ten mills don't make a cent. Pa says all the mills in town don't make a cent."

## THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

Oh! the homes we give the poor!  
In the alleys damp and grim,  
Where all noisome vapors swim,  
In the cellar-caves that drink  
Poison from the sewer and sink,  
Are the homes we give the poor.

See the homes we give the poor;  
Piled to weary, dangerous heights,  
Toward heaven's cold and pitiless lights,  
Chilled above by wind and snow,  
While the fire fiends lurk below—  
See the homes we give the poor.

Are they homes we give the poor?  
Danger sits by every gate,  
Pain and misery round them wait,  
Ghostly tenants put us in,  
Death, disease, and shame and sin—  
Homes they are not for the poor!

Have we no homes for the poor?  
Hold we earth so cramped and bound  
Place for these cannot be found?  
Do our homes so wide expand  
That they cover all the land?  
Leave we no homes for the poor?

Near us ever are the poor;  
They are nearer than we think;  
We but stand upon the brink  
Whence we push them; and their fall  
Shakes the mansion and the hall;  
We are very near the poor.

Ask we how to bless the poor?  
Build them houses not unmet  
To be trod by human feet—  
Give them homes; and blessings thus  
Shall run swift from them to us—  
From the homes we give the poor.

## Choosing a Wife.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

[We think our readers will be amused with the following, from "The Herald of Health." There is much that is true in it, and we think, considerable that is not quite so true. The assertion that a small woman is apt to be meaner than a full sized one, for instance, we think simply absurd. And if "only handsome men and women" should marry, who would carry on the world in 1900? *Let Sat. Eve. Post.*]

No man or woman enters into the holy and beautiful relation of marriage without the expectation of being made happier thereby. Two persons thus conjoined ought to be of mutual help and comfort, adding in moral and intellectual growth; each loving, honoring, and ennobling the other. The two thus allied in a true and honorable relation will encounter the natural sorrows incident to our sublunary state, but will be shielded, as it were, from the great shocks of adversity, and the temptations which beset and overpower those less happily situated.

Swedenborg uses the term *conjugial* rather than *conjugal* as designating the true marriage, and affirms that such persons are especially pleasing in the sight of the great Creator, that they enter into a state of peculiar benediction after death, growing younger through the eternities, and being the most beautiful of all the angels, because of the sacredness of this mystical marriage.

It is most certain that men and women are made happier and better by marriage, or they are exasperated, and rendered miserable and vicious by it, for we all know that contact with some persons evolves all that is sweetest and best in ourselves, while that of others calls into life all that is evil and discordant. Such being the fact, persons about to take the marriage vow upon themselves would do well to learn first whether they have any real vocation for the state, and whether they have that within themselves calculated to enhance their own happiness or that of another by so doing.

A man should look to it well and ascertain whether he is not essentially a bachelor in character—good and pleasant and companionable, in society, with a substratum of selfishness in contact with that self-alienation essential to the cold, cheerful helpfulness required in a family man.

A marrying man must be one who has a really perfect vision about him, who enjoys the exposures of others, who will go out of his way to promote the well-being of others, who understands a woman in her highest, purest, and tenderest characteristics. Whatever may be his knowledge of the world he must be uncorrupted by it. He must winnow all the clamors of his soul and be sure that nothing unwholesome is harbored there, no secret vice, no chattered and pernicious habit to at some time come forth, like a loathsome reptile, and strike the dear, trusting dependents of home with sorrow, dread, or aversion. There is no help for the miseries that may lurk under the family altar, therefore, men and women should take these things to heart before it is too late.

Queen Elizabeth at one time certainly entertained the idea of expending the Duke of Anjou and as he had but lately recovered from the smallpox, she engaged upon her Minister Walsingham "to observe the person of the Prince, and consider whether he retained so much of his good looks as that a woman could fix her affections upon him."

I give this fact as an indication that women as well as men regard "good looks" as essential, though love, being a good giver, will sometimes endow the poorest.

No man should assume the relation of marriage, with its many contingencies, unless his habits of life, profession, trade, or general business capacity are sufficient to guarantee a comfortable support to a household. It is the height of selfishness, meanness, and cruelty, to take a woman to be only a partaker of your poverty. If you love her, even, you will not do this. Marriage with cold rooms and a scanty fire does not enhance the happiness of its participants.

Supposing the man mentally, morally, and personally adapted to marriage, having insured a competence, he is in a condition to choose a wife.

Let him by no means choose a woman of genius. Such fine porcelain is not for every day use. Scarcely should a man of genius ally himself to genius, and so other men, unless he be of the largest, most generous,

and most manful characteristics, and willing also to be neutralized himself, should share appropriate these fine, rare creatures, so hard to be understood and so multifarious in design. Browning, a robust, wholesome man of power, was a fit husband for the sensitive Elizabeth Barrett, but as a rule the experiment of such alliances is a hazardous one.

He who would choose a woman of genius to a mere household appendage does her a great wrong, and is guilty of meanness and injustice. Let a man choose—

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

While he should not presumptuously, and with a poor unmanly vanity select a woman of genius to be the presiding god of his household, let him by no means commit the more dangerous and fatal mistake of marrying a flat, or simpleton. The latter class of women are harder to manage, and more deplorably unfit for the dignities of marriage, than the more affluently endowed.

There is no incompatibility like the incompatibility of mind and character. Dickens has said, and his child wife, with her pretensions, and childlike limitations, and unreasonableness, is an example.

Do not marry a sentimental woman, who is sure to run into the bookishness of one; let her love sentiment, high, noble sentiment, but beware of the sentimental.

Do not marry one of the delicate, die-away women, who are sure to degenerate into invalids, and take a pride in their feebleness; recount their pains; and tell of the hazards they have run; sit all day in easy chairs, and lounge on sofas, and become at last a sort of forlornity, and having worn your patience quite out, will get up an ill-used look, and on the sly abuse you to their cronies. Heaven save you from a complaining, forlorn woman!

Do not marry a woman with thin lips and a glib tongue. She may be quite taking in the flush of youth, piquant and amusing while all is smooth and prosperous, and you rather tend to her apron strings; but woe to you if adversity come—woe to you, if you should thwart her mood, or presume upon dictation; that ready tongue of hers and sharp wit will work you discomfort; for from the first she had the preconceptions of a shrew, and few men in our days have the nerve of Petruccio to quiet such feminine manifestations.

I am sure it is not wise to marry a woman of a different religious faith, nor one far removed from your own social rank; nor an ignorant woman, that is, one whose ignorance will annoy you. Many traits may seem harmless, and even engaging in youth, which in the long run will be very irksome if not distressing.

By no means marry any deformity, if congenital—it must and will be revolting to a beautiful, esthetic mind, and will surely prove disastrous in a household. I knew a young clergyman who became much attached to an estimable girl to whom he was engaged to be married, when a wise friend told him of a defect, which the girl herself ought to have confessed before she became affianced to any man. She had a malformation of the foot, learning this fact, the young man, after many conscientious scruples, broke his contract of marriage, greatly to the displeasure of the lady's family, and some detriment to himself in a professional point of view; one old divine asking him "if the soul of his wife was lodged in her foot," &c.

The young man was assuredly in the right. Dickens, who is a good teacher, gives us in the "Old Curiosity Shop," a pleasant picture of simple, unaffected goodness in the Abel family, but he tells of the father hobbling along with his club foot, full of kindly greetings, followed by his son, his very counterpart, even to the club foot. This is a drawback to the picture.

Beware of those thin-checked, blue-veined, narrow chested girls, so much admired by sentimental writers, unless you would transform what ought to be a cheery household into a hospital. These unfortunate girls have the seeds of consumption in their veins, and will bring you nothing but sorrow. Besides this, disease may excite our pity and our sympathy, allied as it sometimes is to almost heavenly shades of character, but it should never be associated with marriage; indeed, to a person of a sound mind and beautiful physique, it is most repugnant. All disease carries an offensive, chilling, detrimental to the health of others, and distasteful to a delicate sense.

Do not marry a girl who sits in the parlor and dresses like a fine lady while her mother works in the kitchen—for this implies a cold selfishness, that may be anything but favorable to the peace and gentility of a household.

Nature strives, struggles for the beautiful, which is her end and aim, and her very heart is pained at her multitudinous defects in human beings who are inharmonious, as crooked in mind as body, sensual and depraved, because man does not study and does not obey the laws of life, which are as immutable as death, as unimpaired as light. There is a peculiar beauty and significance in the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Only handsome men and women ought to marry. These having a *modus vivendi* in *pace* school. Let others look the matter squarely in the face, and admit that their imbecilities, their diseases, their unwholesome looks, their discontented minds, ought not to be perpetuated, and let them go to work manfully to make the best of themselves by eschewing marriage. Let them be honest, hearty old maids and bachelors, earning money for the good of others, teaching, and farming, and helping on good and wholesome ideas. They will find a happiness in such career far superior to what would await them and theirs in the married relation.

The true, good, and handsome men and women adapted to marriage ought to be treated with distinguished honor in the world, as benefactors of the race, as fore-shadowing that beautiful future when we shall be hardly lower than the angels and covered with glory and honor.

One reason why it is well to marry a pretty woman in preference to a plain one, is that the former is more free from jealousy and

discontent than the latter. Being better satisfied with herself she is more likely to be pleased with others.

It is better to marry a full-sized woman than a little one—for the meanness of stature is apt to go through the character also. A certain roundness of contour; a composure and self-possession, devoid of heaviness or sluggishness; an elastic buoyancy, a bright up-lifted look, more of pride than vanity; a clear, open eye, and pure, child-like smile; hands and feet well proportioned, not too small, are outlines easily discriminated and constitute a safe, reliable character. A cheerful woman, one who will not make mountains of mole hills, who can find something bright and beautiful everywhere; who has pretty feminine resources, and knows how to devise ways and means to make others happy and content about her, is a jewel of inestimable worth.

The voice (not for singing) is a great indicator of character. Swedenborg says the angels knew the state of a man by his voice. Beware of those high, sharp tones of voice, as well as the too low and hesitating; the first belongs to a shrew, and the last to deceit and imbecility.

Cheerfulness of temper, candor that rejects every species of falsehood, and owns to the truth at any peril; tenderness to be detected by fondness for and faithful care of *pet*, rather than by outward expressions; purity, instinct in thought and action; intelligence to appreciate all that is noble and good; and health, sound and elastic, are traits to insure duty as a wife and happiness in a household.

## An Empress on Skates.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

Neither her Majesty Eugenie, nor any one else living in Paris, has much opportunity to trip on the light skatorial toe. The Parisian winter is far less severe than that of New York, and skating is, therefore—or has been heretofore—a rather rare accomplishment. Since the introduction of the ornamental ponds in the Bois de Boulogne by the Emperor, however, an opportunity has been afforded those who love the pastime to occasionally indulge in it.

About five years ago, as I was taking my accustomed daily drive to the beautiful "Bois," I was accosted by some American gentlemen, who, in spite of the frosty weather, still persisted in a daily horseback ride, with "Are you going out to the skating-pond?"

I had not heard of one. Where was it?

No, not at the lake. At least the "fine flower" was not skating on the lake. The lake—indeed, the two lakes at the entrance of the Bois—had been invaded by a *cobble*, the *canaille*, a crowd. The aristocracy of the skating world was assembled at a small body of water—a lake without a name, and whose locality it was difficult to indicate by the more telling, but which nestles amid heavy foliage in the summer time, and is generally avoided in the winter. Thither we wended our way.

As we drew near the trying place, we found its proximity invaded by elegant carriages, foremost among which was the dashing turn of the Empress—the usual thing of three or four imperial carriages (of the shape called the d'Orsay in carriage parlance, with postillions, and outriders, and footmen, in the imperial tints of green and gold. The Emperor had driven out in a high park phanton, behind two small-sized but fleet-footed American trotters, which had come over only a few weeks before from Baltimore. The Prince Imperial was there, accompanied by his English nurse, Miss Shaw, and a lady, the widow of an army officer, who bore the title of "Governess of the Children of France," those children being, of course, only the children of the throne. His little Highness had desired to see *les patineurs*, and had had his wish gratified by his horses' heads being directed toward the place where the *patineurs* were disporting. His carriage, and those of his imperial parents, however, were only there, in as many hundred elegant equipages.

I find it difficult to describe the scene on the lake itself. All that Paris contained of beauty, wealth, and noble blood seemed assembled on that spot, not larger than one of our Fifth Avenue private ponds. The skating fever was at its height. Everybody was attracted by it. But the most uncomfortable thing about it was, that everybody wanted to skate, and only a few knew how. Of these few, but three were ladies, and it is easy to imagine how greatly they were objects of interest. The first of these three—first, by reason of her grace and fearlessness as a skater, and also by her great personal beauty—was Mrs. Louillard-Ronalds, a lady well known in New York, though her girlhood was passed in the place where she learned to skate so well, Boston. This lady was the object of general admiration. Both the Emperor and the Empress remarked her ease and beauty.

The second was the Princess Poniatowska, these curious Polish names, which indicate a reminder by the change of the final syllable; the third was a lady from Holland, whose name I did not learn. These three were positively the only lady skaters; all the rest of the ladies stood around the banks of the frozen pond, or were pushed about on sled-chairs. The most beautiful of these was named by the Empress, and merits rather the name of a hand-pushed sleigh than a chair. It was made of stout wire, and mounted on fine runners, each terminating in the semblance of the graceful neck and head of the swan. The seat and back were lined with rich green silk velvet, and trimmed with gold fringe and tassels. In this chair the Empress seated herself, to be pushed about by a Polish count, who had received from imperial hands the extraordinary title of "First Aid-de-Camp on the Ice." He was a very swift and strong skater; but in the numerous ramifications of skating proper—the only roll, the spread eagle, and the rest—he could not at all compare with the American gentlemen present. Among these were the two brothers Van Wart, of New York, who were specially objects of attention, from the fact of their being grand-nephews of the greatly revered Washington Irving. Another good skater was Mr. Van der Camp, of Philadelphia, a gentleman who had been en-

abled by a residence in Holland to keep up his skating practice. But the most brilliant skater on the ice was a Mr. Camac (also of Philadelphia), who performed a series of astonishing feats, such as I have never seen equalled, even by professional skaters. The Emperor, what with being evidently a very weak skater in the first place, and afflicted with a bad leg in the second, was not creating any marked enthusiasm by his exploits on the ice. He stopped repeatedly to applaud the performances of Mr. Camac. I was standing behind her Majesty the Empress, who was reposing in her gilded chair, while the poor aid-de-camp who had been pushing her, was secretly panting for breath, and shielding himself behind me to wipe the perspiration off his forehead, when the Emperor skated up.

"Louis," said the Empress, leaning towards him, "who is that fine skater?"

His Majesty made a reply which I did not hear, and gave a shrug of the shoulders, which implied lack of knowledge. Just then the Count de Morny (he was not "Duke" then) came skating up.

"Do you see that big American down there?" said the Count, pointing to Mr. Camac.

"But he does marvellous things?" said the Empress, raising her eyebrows.

"Doubtless!" said the Emperor, with another shrug, "if he is American it is not astonishing. They have very well the time to learn to skate, with their *diable* of a climate, down there in America."

"Is it colder there than in Russia?" asked de Morny, who had been ambassador at St. Petersburg, and carried off a beautiful Russian princess for a bride.

"About the same thing," replied the Emperor, making a statement which I thought was rather sweeping.

"Oh! how I should like to learn to skate!" exclaimed the Empress, in a burst of enthusiasm elicited by some new exploit of Mr. Camac's, and also by seeing Mrs. Ronalds glide gracefully past, holding a hand of each of the brothers Van Wart.

Then, after a pause, she added, "I have a mind to try."

"Thou would'st fall," exclaimed the Emperor, as if that settled the matter, after which he skated away coolly.

But the Empress is persevering. She held some private conversation with the icy aid-de-camp (now somewhat cooled off after his violent exertions), and the result was that the next day her Majesty appeared on the pond in skating costume.

Without disrespect be it said, the fair Eugenie wore that day the shortest skirts it has ever been my lot to see on any woman, save and except the ladies of the ballet. The court was then in mourning for some foreign prince, about whom the court did not care a rush, though it was obliged, for etiquette's sake, to put on sympathetic weeds. And the Empress, dressed all in black, with black silk stockings—exposed almost to the knee—with a short black dress most woefully trimmed with ermine, was positively the most amusing specimen of feminine incongruity I ever laid eyes upon.

It required all one's good breeding not to laugh at her appearance; and the Emperor, who had evidently heard nothing of all this, looked seriously displeased when his astonished eyes fell on his consort. Eugenie was determined to have it out, however, and had evidently resolved on learning to skate.

The First Aid-de-Camp fastened on her Majesty's skates (a beautiful little pair), and then giving him her hand, Eugenie made the first step.

It is the first step that costs! Down tumbled the Empress, her imperial black silk stockings sprawling out in front of her, while she sat down with a thump on the discourteous ice.

Here was a dilemma! The Emperor turned away to conceal his annoyance, and some of the ladies of honor put their gloved fingers over their lips, to cover a smile.

There is an old French adage which says that *malheur oblige*. It should oblige an Empress to take her first skating lessons in private.

The First Aid-de-Camp was in despair. How should he manage to keep those imperial feet where imperial and other feet ought to be—under the control of the body? He lifted the Empress up, and once more, down she came.

It was funny, and the Empress laughed, thereby allowing the ladies of honor to include in a like recreation. It was very funny, but it was terribly unimperial.

A duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain, Bourbonist to the core, standing on the bank, and viewing these undignified proceedings, was asked—

"Do you see her Majesty?"

"I see the Empress—I do not see her Majesty."

A *ma* which was circulated, and which made the Empress turn pale with anger when she heard it.

But still the "imperial *voitress*" kept on with her skating under difficulties, and the bright-eyed Mrs. Ronalds, with her arms folded, skated a polacca on the ice, and Mr. Camac cut out a whole garden of "roses."

Meanwhile the Aid-de-Camp had an idea. He rushed off and got a long pole, and instructing her Majesty to clutch it in the middle, took one end himself, and gave the other to a gentleman, who, perhaps, may have been Second Aid-de-Camp on the ice, though this I did not learn.

After this, things went on better. There was still much tripping up of imperial heels, it is true, and a somewhat lavish display of embroidery; but the falls, my countrymen, were over.

By perseverance and assiduous practice, the Empress has now become quite a good skater; and like the rest of us, can look back serenely on the day of her first pair of skates. —*Northern Monthly.*

NOT A PROFESSOR.—A good woman, living a little out of the city of Hartford, and having heard something of the interesting union prayer meetings now being held in that city, was a little curious to attend one of them. Being unable to find the place of the meeting, she stopped up to a member of the legal profession and very politely inquired: "Mr. —, will you please tell me where the union prayer meeting is held this afternoon?" The lawyer, looking every way for escape, finally stammered out—"Madam, I give it up. You'd better try some other profession."



## IN AN ABBEY.

Underneath me is the pavement, where they  
once stood up and sang;  
And above there is the roof-tree, where their  
voices rose and rang.  
Singing hymns of old composers, bright with  
joy or dark with pang.

Then outside is the great courtyard, where  
they used each day to meet,  
With the sunshine for all faces, and the soft  
grass for all feet:  
Oh, ye ancient monks of England, did you  
find your lives so sweet?

It was pleasant in the orchard in the long  
warm month of June,  
When you wandered 'mid the fruit-trees in the  
golden afternoon,  
Or went out to pray and ponder in the white  
light of the moon.

It was pleasant by the fire when December  
winds did blow,  
Roaring round the abbey tower, whilst the  
fierce drift of the snow  
Gathered deep about the archways and the  
cloisters down below.

But to wake at silent midnight from a dream  
in lonely cell,  
Some dear dream of home or marriage, when  
the heart began to swell  
With bruised hopes and trampled yearnings,  
that you hid, and dared not tell—

Or to stand upon the terrace in the morning  
glad and clear,  
Looking far across green forests, sweeping  
meadow, sunny here,  
Thinking how your life had narrowed, and  
was dwindling year by year—

Or to pass along the village with your gifts  
of bread and meat,  
Catching glimpses of home circles, father,  
mother, children sweet,  
You to pass and hear their laughter, tread-  
ing on with tired feet—

Was this pleasant, was this needful, O ye  
monks of olden day?  
In what record found you orders, that you  
took this dark hard way?  
Will you answer from the Death-land—let  
me hear what you can say?

Faintly rising came a whisper: "We have  
entered into rest,  
For according to our power and our light,  
we did our best.  
Do you better in your daytime, and you too  
shall soon be blest."

"But remember, in all service, you must  
quell your heart, and hold  
Law as higher than your likings—Duty  
dearer far than gold:  
Let what will decay and vanish, this require-  
ment ne'er grows old."

## GOLD DIGGING.

"Boys!" cried Frazer, "here's the health  
of Mr. B., an' the memory of our philoso-  
phic camps on the Indio. You carry luck  
with you, sir, I guess, for we made a fair  
pile. As to that, I ain't surprised, for Illurs  
located Indian John's claim somewhere  
round these waters."

"Who was he?" asked.

"There's not a many about here as would  
need to ask that question, returned Beas-  
ley; "but nary a child as couldn't answer  
it. Indian John an' his claim is celebrated  
from the Gulf to Aspinwall, so as never king,  
nor saint, nor hero could be run agin him  
through those parts. He lived down yonder  
by the lagoon, in a little cane-built hut,  
hedged about with plantain-trees, an' clus-  
tered over with scarlet-flowering pepper-  
vines. Now an' agin, five or six times in the  
year maybe, just as the old man's stores  
chanced to last, he'd come paddling down to  
Gratowin with his fist full of dust, which  
he swopped for powder, an' blankets, an'  
other plunder. Half a pint or so, he'd bar-  
ter at a time! No man knew where his claim  
lay. The old man drank like a whale  
in a herring-pond, he did so; but tight or  
loose, that secret were never slipped. An'  
it cost him his life, as all of us had warned  
him it must. Maybe it's twelve months  
since, four Greasers from Segovia followed  
the old man up the river to his hut. He  
weren't skeary at first, for many an one had  
done the same before; but these four ac-  
cursed skunks they tortured the poor old  
Indio, an' an' his daughter too, until they  
died. An' nary word of the secret was drawn  
from them poor creturs, all alone an' broken  
as they was! Poor things! poor things!  
Tortured to death in them green an' sunny  
woods at mid-day! Not one of us near to  
answer their cries, or to avenge them!  
There's no grant of Heaven I'd pray for  
more powerful, than to meet them four  
devils in a lonely place—darn 'em!—Pass  
that bottle, Yank. Thinking of Indian John  
makes me mad."

"Wal!" said Frazer, meditatively,  
"those secret claims are a downright curse  
to any neighborhood. I don't an' never  
could splice ends with them as blow off  
gas about gold-digging—saying it's plunder easy  
come an' easy gone, seeking the root of evil,  
an' other grubby talk which han't no mean-  
ing. But I say as every prospect should be  
known an' open. Secret washings tempt men  
who would otherwise have lived quiet at  
home in the hole they was shaped for: soft-  
going raws an' delicate boys with romantic  
heads it is as get drawn that way to their  
ruin. For old diggers, mind yer, who know  
the risks an' difficulties of their business,  
don't mostly heed such stories. But let no  
man tell me as gold-seeking is an evil trade!  
I say the finds in California and Australia  
have put the world a century on, an' han't  
spent their steam yet, nor near. But let  
them dig as knows what they're undertak-  
ing—the risk, the hardships, an' the uncer-  
tainty—who can stand up straight under  
fever, an' fighting, an' disappointment? It  
ain't such as suffer in their heads when folks  
talk of secret claims—no, sir. It's just them  
as ain't fitted to walk out o' sight of the  
hospital an' the parish church as get ruined  
in that madness. Did I ever know a man  
who'd made his fortune in 'prospecting'?  
No, sir; not to keep it—if I understand  
rightly what you mean. There's many a  
thousand—ay, ten thousand claims which  
have given fortunes to one man or another,

but not to him who prospected them. Gold-  
mining is different; rich men will go into  
that business, an' poor men are shut out by  
want of capital. A good mine, such as there's  
scores, will pay as quick as one can open  
ground; but washing is risky, is more open  
to robbery, an' allurs draws round it a crush  
of rowdies, as double the danger an' diffi-  
culty of working. Rich men don't care to  
stand the worry an' anxiety of river-work—  
it ain't likely they should; mining's the busi-  
ness for them."

"Why, you see," said Vansten, "take  
gold-digging where you will—in Europe, in  
Borneo, in Australia, or on this continent—  
it isn't the folks of the country who put in  
for it. They find pretty soon that on the  
whole, one week with another, a man don't  
earn as much as by fair wages at any hand-  
craft. In America an' Australia, I know  
that's the fact, an' I've heard you say it's  
so in Borneo, Frazer. Digging is a good busi-  
ness for gamblers, because one may pouch  
a big stake from time to time; but a man is  
mostly starving while he plays. Look at  
those washings in Segovia, Cother side of  
Nicaragua! I once saw a peon trot into Chi-  
nandega with a belt so heavy he could scarce  
sit his mule, but there weren't many Greas-  
ers such durned fools as to go picking after  
his 'wash-dirt.' Several Frenchmen, from  
Chontales, crowded out o' the town, slick  
away for the mountains, thinking it was  
straight travel for Jacob Astor's dinner-  
table; but a month afterwards, they strag-  
gled back, worn out with fever, pretty nigh  
starved, an' carrying barely a quarter the  
plunder they might have earned at light  
wage in the town. Gold-washing, take the  
year round, don't yield a dollar a day in any  
country ever I heard of."

"That's thunderin' true, also, what you  
was saying about secret claims," observed  
Beasley. "I mind one case well in which  
such a story caused the destruction of a  
family as had never before dreamed of gold-  
seeking. 'Twas out in Sonora. I was quite  
young at the time, scarce fit to look an' Indio  
in the face without a spyglass; but on that  
Comanche frontier one learns the whole duty  
of man right smart. I'd gone into Mexico  
on a venture of my father's. At a little vil-  
lage, called Santa Catarina, the fever struck  
me down, an' the boys left me there in  
charge of a Yankee, who was trying a small  
tobacco-planting. A good fellow he were;  
but his wife, poor thing, she was a right-  
down female angel. They were happy  
enough, living in a quiet way, an' contented  
with small potatoes, until a lot of boys, from  
Santa Fe, passed through the village, an'  
made a camp some three or four miles away.  
They was sick-full of a secret claim lying  
somewhere in that neighborhood, which had  
already given fortunes to two or three dig-  
gers they'd met. Mostly the Greasers only  
laughed; but poor Spielman listened, an'  
listened, an' talked 'prospect' with them,  
until his head turned yellow, an' all his  
dreams was double-gilt. First, he neglected  
work, wandering over the hills all day, an'  
gasing with the diggers; then he bought a  
bar an' a pan, an' flopped about like the  
ghost of a murdered dustman; an' his wife  
was considerable uneasy, you may swear."

"The Indio moon came on while I was  
still at Santa Catarina, an' I didn't like  
to desert the poor woman then, for the Apaches  
were out in force. No man who hasn't crossed  
the Mexican frontier, can believe what a  
time the wretched Greaser folks pass every  
year when the Indians are on the trail. The  
Redskins go out, sir, in reg'lar armies, two  
to five thousand strong, an' they sweep the  
country like a net. Every year, at the same  
moon, they cross the desert, an' harry  
the Greasers deeper an' deeper towards  
Mexico. The Comanches an' Pawnees are  
bold enough in our country; but the Nava-  
jos an' Paches, an' the Rappahos of Anahuac,  
are like a swarm of poisonous locusts. No  
man's life is safe ten yards from the gate of  
his 'corral,' for there's allurs young braves  
hanging round for the chance of a scalp or  
a white woman or child. They say, in the  
frontier, that one in three of the Indio war-  
riors is now pure white, or rather yellow, an'  
that one-half of the tribes has civilized  
blood in their veins; an' I believe it. I do."

"One day, news came in that a big party  
was marching southwards through the val-  
leys about ten miles away. We thought  
they wasn't likely to break the trail to harry  
such a one-horse concern as Santa Catarina  
—war-parties strike for bigger plunder. But  
Spielman was out in that direction, an'  
they'd be sure to lift his scalp if they caught  
sight of him within a fair distance. The  
poor woman was dreadful bad. When I  
volunteered to go look for her husband, she  
put her arms round my neck, an' cried till  
she fainted like. When she was quiet agin,  
I took my rifle an' tracked out."

"Not finding Spielman nor any other of  
the diggers, nor any Indio trails around, I  
thought all was right, an' I crept down again.  
About two miles from the village, my  
broad track was crossed; all the hoof prints  
was unshod, an' the whole was swept as if  
by a broom. I knew that sign well enough;  
long-tailed Apache horses had passed by  
within the last three hours, an' since I left  
the rancho. Creeping on as craftily as I  
knew how, an' feeling my scalp-look from  
time to time, to see if it was in gentlemanly  
order—as a frontiersman's should be in In-  
dian neighborhood—I at last came in view  
of the village. 'Twas nothing but smoking  
cinders."

"In an hour or two's time I found all the  
people, who'd run into the woods an' cached  
there. Not a soul was missing but Spiel-  
man, his wife, and their two children. I  
couldn't rest till I'd visited their rancho,  
though 'twas dang'rous enough to go near  
the place. The folks tried to prevent me,  
but I would go. Poor Spielman was lying  
without his hat, among the ashes of the hut,  
having plainly rushed in after it was burned.  
Of his wife an' children, there was no sign;  
they was carried off to the desert, with many  
a hundred more most-like from other parts.  
Had the woman not waited for her husband,  
she might easy have escaped with the other  
villagers."

"The end of that story is kinder funny.  
We soon struck the trail of them who had  
done the deed. They seemed to be about  
fifty in number, most like a scouting-party  
led by the son or brother of the war-chief.  
Some thirty of us started in pursuit, count-  
ing the Santa Fe diggers. The Paches  
travelled gently enough, for they ain't over-  
used to be followed by Greasers, an' I mus-  
ow they don't seem much scared when

that event do happen. In a bit of 'chap-  
arral,' a shady thicket growing over a ruin,  
we found them at noon next day. There  
was no sentinel nor even horse guard—"  
"Great thunder!" interrupted Frazer,  
"we find no such chances on the Texan  
prairie!"

"Guess Comanches air better bred if they  
ain't better born," returned Beasley. "The  
Rangers give 'em early instruction in man-  
ners an' deportment."

"We formed a circle round the chaparral,  
an' lotted off a body of men to stampede the  
horses. That's the dooty yer Greaser likes,  
an' he does it right well too. Then we sent  
a yell-skin up a tree to look what the  
Indians might be about."

"We took our stations silently. Inside  
the wood, not a sound could be heard save  
the stamping of the horses out on the sa-  
vannah, an' the sleepy chuckle of the pa-  
rots. My place was under a big tree, along-  
side the trail by which the Indians had en-  
tered the shade. Through glittering, sun-  
glint leaves in my front, I could see the long  
crimson shaft of a Pache lance fixed in the  
ground as a challenge. Scaps of all colors  
an' lengths hung down motionless along it,  
mixed with fresh leaves an' ganly feathers.  
By the red hand on the top, I knew that  
lance must belong to a big chief, a reg'lar  
'hijo de Montezuma,' for you must know,  
boys, the Paches claim to be of the royal  
race of Anahuac, an' look down on other  
folk most beautiful dignified. There'll be a  
tall tales for that bit of timber, I thought,  
an' I threw away the paddle the finger of my  
rifle. It was my first Indio fight."

"For two or three minutes, there was a  
stillness that might a' been felt; then came  
a crash an' a yell! That durned yell  
cuss had fallen from the tree! Quick as a  
thought, the Paches whooped, then dashed  
along the trail. 'Tarnal thunder! it'd be  
hard to tell which of our parties was most  
scared. I stood like a fool, too startled to  
use my hands; for, mind you, a Pache  
Indio in war-paint, with his arms an' his  
feathers on, is a fearsome-looking object to  
the bravest man, much more to a boy in his  
teens. I stood just like a statue. The first  
'buck' that loped past came full upon me,  
an' his fierce eyes, surrounded by a broad  
scarlet ring, glared straight into mine."

"Uph!" he grunted, an' loped past like a  
brown bar pursued by a grizzly. Another  
followed; his face was painted blue and red.  
—Uph! an' on he went. Every durned  
mother's son among them Indians grunted  
in my face as they dashed out, an' I was  
reg'lar charmed to the spot. Fifty of 'em,  
boys, by thunder! an' every one said 'Uph!'  
like a dry machine. Durnation! I thought  
that procession would never end; but at  
last, shots began to ring outside, an' I bolted  
after the Indians."

"As to fight, there were none! The  
Greasers ran like a broken covey of 'hens';  
but they carried off a good sight of horses.  
I got away safe enough, with a lance thrust  
through my thigh; an' we could count scalps  
pretty even with the Paches. Four, I think  
it was, we brought away, an' our party didn't  
lose none. 'Twasn't the Greasers that took  
'em, though."

"And what became of Mrs. Spielman  
and the children?" I asked.

"Guess they was carried to the Pache  
villages; an' there they are now, most like,  
unless they're dead," answered the Ranger,  
coolly twisting up a plug. "The boy should  
be a 'brave' by this time, an' a chief too, I  
dare say, for white blood allurs gets to the  
front, even among the Redskins. Some of  
us might meet him on the prairie any time,  
yer know. An' I guess he'd have no senti-  
mental objection to raising our scalps; it's  
the renegades an' the white captives grown  
up that make the Indians so mischievous.  
They're a long sight worse than Redskins  
born."

"Surely it is a dreadful fate for a civilized  
being to be taken captive by these savages,"  
I said. "Fancy the life this poor woman  
must have led, ay, is leading, perhaps, at  
this moment, old, and wretched, and a slave."

Beasley gave me an odd look, and rolled  
his "quid" over, but spoke no word.

"Then Frazer, after a pause, said slowly:  
"To tell the real truth—sinking all Yankee  
twaddle, I'd say—that depends! I've seen  
a good many captives ransomed, an' I swar  
that's a strange sight. There's some—wal,  
I'll say many—who are kinder mad with joy  
to escape from the Indians' hands; there's  
more that cry loud enough to split log-  
timber, an' gets hysterical; an' there's not a  
few that cry an' struggle fierce enough to  
get back to the Indians. You know, sir,  
that savage life has its own charms—a  
charm, as I think, stronger than any our  
quiet cities can offer. An' women feel that  
too, when they come within its reach. They  
love the freedom an' the madness of Indio  
life; they catch the spirit of its fends, its  
hatred of all other peoples. An' there's an-  
other point, too, which has its weight—some  
of the young 'bucks,' whether Paches,  
Pawnees, or Comanches, are eternally hand-  
some! Ay, an' not only that, they are gen-  
erous an' kindly in their own hazy way.  
No! I don't doubt whether all the captives who  
cry when released are quite glad. An' there's  
one thing I've noted—a durned lot of 'em are  
captured over agin before long!"

## THE EAST WIND.

He pierces us with shafts of steel,  
His triple temper'd blades of sleet and blast,  
And as he hurries wildly past,  
He makes the leafless woodland reel;

Or darkens all the heaven with dun  
Cauld mist, that turns to ghostly night  
The day, or if the skies be bright,  
He sucks the warmth from out the sun.

And yet we know the buds will break  
Their bonnets, and the violets peer,  
And in the wakening of the year  
The thrush his sweet-voiced treble shake;

And southern gales on odorous wing  
Will softly fan the lengthening day;  
Till he, our tyrant, dies away,  
Chained into slumber by the Spring.

[37] It is not work that kills men, it is  
worry. It is not the revolution that destroys  
the machinery, but the friction.

[38] Pedantry crams our heads with learn-  
ing, and takes out our brains to make  
room for it.

## THE BACHELOR.—A SONG.

O, a bachelor, a bachelor,  
How happy he must be,  
A welcome guest at every feast,  
What a lucky dog is he!  
Whatever he came to spend he learns,  
For home he has no care;  
The young and merry bachelor,  
His home is everywhere.

Chorus.—O, a bachelor, a bachelor,  
How happy he must be;  
A welcome guest at every feast,  
What a lucky dog is he!

O, a bachelor, a bachelor,  
A butterfly he roves;  
Sees all the sights, stays out at nights,  
And kisses whom he loves.  
To ball and rout invited out,  
A beau to every belle,  
The pleasures of a bachelor  
No tongue can ever tell.

Chorus.—O, a bachelor, &c.

Spoken.—But stay, there is another side  
to the picture. One story is always good,  
they say, until another is told.

O, an old bachelor, an old bachelor,  
When Age, with wrinkled face,  
Comes creeping o'er him by degrees,  
With slow yet steady pace;  
Where are the set that once he met  
An evening hour to pass?  
Why, some are dead, and some are wed,  
And some are gone to grass.

Chorus.—Then an old bachelor, an old

bachelor,  
What a luckless dog is he;  
When, all alone, he learns to  
grieve  
For one to make his tea.

O, an old bachelor, an old bachelor,  
With age comes all his shame;  
No easy wife to bless his life,  
No child to bear his name;  
No welcome knows where'er he goes,  
And has no place of rest;

(Spoken.—It serves him right; the old  
brute; why didn't he get married?)

In coffin hurled, he leaves the world  
Unblessed and unloved.

Chorus.—Then an old bachelor, an old

bachelor,  
How wretched he must be;  
No wife to cheer, no children  
dear,  
What a luckless old dog is he!

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSING-  
BERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

SELINA'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

If, after the elopement of their minister's  
daughter, the death of their Squire's son,  
and the suicide of their Squire, the good  
folks of Sandalwaite had any capacity for  
astonishment remaining to them, a carriage  
and four dashing through their village would  
certainly have evoked it. And such a phre-  
nomenon did take place, upon the very day  
when Ernest Woodford was laid in the little  
churchyard, and almost at the very hour.  
When, indeed, the little party of mourners  
returned to the Hall, after having attended  
his obsequies, they found the said carriage  
at the door. The visitors it had brought  
had already established themselves in the  
dining room; and when Mrs. Woodford, as-  
sisted on either side by Valentine and Evelyn,  
trottered feebly into that apartment, she  
found herself face to face with Selina Mur-  
phy and her son. The two women had not  
met for upwards of a quarter of a century;  
but Time, that sunders Friendship, and saps  
Love itself, often only improves hatred;  
and so it was in this case. At the sight of  
her ancient enemy, the widow withdrew her  
arms from their supports, walked with pain-  
ful steadiness (like one overcome with wine,  
and anxious to conceal his condition) to the  
nearest chair, and sat down with her face to  
the foe. Mrs. Murphy, in a green gown,  
which did not become her complexion so  
completely as it exhibited her contempt for  
the memory of the deceased Squire, re-  
mained standing with her back to the fire-  
place, and one hand upon the shoulder of  
her Woody, in a classical attitude. Valen-  
tine and Evelyn ranged themselves by Mrs.  
Woodford's chair; Mary Ripson and some of  
the domestics stood, hesitating between  
their respect for their superiors, and their  
desire to witness the impending scene, out-  
side the open door.

"Come in—come in, all of you," ex-  
claimed Mrs. Murphy imperiously. "And  
you, my lying cheat! this compliment was  
addressed to the housekeeper, 'above all,  
for what I have to say is no secret.'"

"Pardon me, madam," observed Valentine  
gravely; "but I think you can hardly have  
been aware of what has recently happened  
in this house, and particularly of the sad  
nature of the transaction in which we have  
just been engaged."

"I am quite aware of it, Mr. Blake," re-  
turned the lady haughtily; "and I would  
recommend you to mind your own business—  
if, indeed, you have any business here at all,  
now that the brat of that infamous house"  
(there, by a short, sharp nod, which seemed  
to say: "I understand you, madam," she  
again indicated the housekeeper), "is dead  
and gone. I am fully informed of all that  
has happened; and if I had been in time for  
the confessions, I could have given  
some evidence which would have altered  
their verdict to Felony. If ever a man  
deserved to be buried at the junction of four  
cross-roads, with a hedge-stake through his  
breast, it was my brother, Ernest Wood-  
ford."

"Madam," exclaimed Valentine with in-  
dignation, "your conduct is most unbecom-  
ing and unfeeling. I cannot trust my-  
self to express to you—a female—what I  
think of it, but I would ask your son there."  
Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy, to recall you  
to some sense of what is due, at least to  
public decency."

"My ma knows precious well what she's  
about," observed the young gentleman ap-  
pealed to, sagaciously shutting his left eye.  
"The game's up for all these people. I can

tell you; and if you're not a fool, Blake,  
you'll come over at once to the right side."  
"Hold your tongue, Woody!" interposed  
his mother sharply. "What is it to us  
whether Bentrick Ripson's tutor is on our  
side or not? However, since you seem to  
be the spokesman, Mr. Blake, may I ask  
when the late Mr. Ernest Woodford's will is  
to be read, for that is what we are come  
down here to listen to."

"He has not left a will, madam."  
If intense pleasure has the power, as some  
contend, of making even the plainest coun-  
tenance good-looking, Selina Murphy might  
have sat to her husband for Minerva in the  
"Judgment of Paris," notwithstanding her  
green gown.

Master Woody's mouth emitted a whistle  
of satisfaction, so prolonged that it might  
almost have proceeded from some locomotive  
which had received the signal, "Line all  
Clear."

"Or rather," continued the tutor, "he  
has left a will, of very recent date, and ex-  
pressing, no doubt, his last intentions, but  
it has not been signed."

"I don't want to look at it," remarked  
Selina contemptuously, as the document was  
laid before her. "I can guess all the wrong  
my brother would have done, had he had  
the power. I suppose no one is prepared to  
dispute that my son is heir at-law, now?"

She cast a defiant glance at the circle be-  
fore her, but there was no reply.

"I think, madam, it would be but just,"  
observed the tutor, after a long pause, "to  
peruse that will. I am aware, from what  
the late Mr. Woodford told me, of the nature  
of some of its contents. He intended, I  
know, to make some provision for a certain  
person, otherwise almost entirely unprovid-  
ed for, but to whom he was much attached, and  
under great obligations; and doubtless you  
would wish to give effect—"

"I wish nothing of the kind," returned  
Selina fiercely. "If, as I suppose, you refer  
to Miss Evelyn Sefton, I am very glad that  
she is left to shift for herself. You have  
been very well treated here, miss; there she  
turned her malicious eyes upon her niece,  
"considering that your aunt Clementina had  
a son and heir. Doubtless, you were in the  
plot too. You were to have your share in  
the robbery, if the fraud had borne ripe  
fruit. I tell you all, I wish it had."

"The child which my sister-in-law pur-  
chased of Mary Ripson, to be passed off as  
her own, and did so pass off, in order to rob  
me and mine, were now alive; for then I  
would prosecute you all for a conspiracy, and  
lay you by the heels in jail. I would have  
done that, Clementina Woodford, nay, if the  
law would have granted it, I would have  
had you whipped as well. Some of you pre-  
sent seem to be astonished at what I am  
telling you, as though it were a new thing.  
That may be mere pretence, or it may not;  
but if the plot which has been going on here  
for these last twenty years was unknown to  
you, it has been more or less plain to me  
from the beginning. When I received the  
letter which told me that Clementina Wood-  
ford had a son, I said to myself: 'This is  
a lie; and the one object of my life from  
that time to this has been to find it out. I  
knew nothing then of how the deceit had  
been effected, but I knew that there had  
been deceit, as clearly as though I had seen  
it with my own eyes. For many and many  
a year, I waited for my opportunity, and at  
last it came in your man—Valentine Blake.  
I sent him down here, on the pretence of  
being tutor to the boy—"

Here, for the first time, Mrs. Woodford  
took her eyes from off her mortal foe, to fix  
them for a moment upon Valentine while Evelyn  
hastily turned towards him an inquiring  
glance, but more full of pain than even of  
surprise. But the tutor returned the gaze of  
neither; he kept his face steadily fronting  
that of Selina Murphy, and over it was  
creeping slowly that cold relentless light  
which might have warned even her, had she  
been mistress of herself in that great hour  
of triumph.

"I sent him down here," continued she,  
"as the boy's tutor, but pledged to furnish  
me with all the details necessary for my pur-  
pose. His first letter supplied me with all  
I needed to corroborate my own suspicions,  
and to direct them aright, but not enough  
for legal proof. My son, here, came down  
in person, and gathered such evidence from  
one of the accomplices in this vile plot as  
made my position certain. Still, there was  
nothing for it but to wait; until my brother  
died, I had not been wronged, except in in-  
tention, nor could I right myself, nor punish  
—as I will punish yet, if public shame can  
do it—the wrong doers. I was used to wait-  
ing, and with this hour in view, I could have  
waited for twice twenty years. But when  
this supposition had met with his end—and  
I am sorry for it, since it robs me of a just  
revenge. I wrote to Ernest Woodford, telling  
him what a Knave he was, and how I had  
known it all along, and that he had schemed  
for nothing, even if the boy had lived."

"It was no scheme of Mr. Woodford's,"  
interposed the housekeeper impulsively;  
"do not slander a dead man, and he your  
brother, Mrs. Murphy. He never knew you  
told him that Bentrick Woodford was  
not his own son. Your letter killed him."

"I don't believe it, woman," returned Mrs.  
Murphy coldly. "He killed himself through  
baffled spite; but, nevertheless, I thank you  
for your admission. It will not be neces-  
sary, since you own you carried out this  
fraud, no matter at whose instigation—to  
go into the proofs, to visit the grave in  
which you pretended to bury your dead baby,  
but in whose coffin are only sticks and  
stones. You and your mistress—whom I wish  
I could punish as you deserve—and you have  
confederated here, no doubt. They will now  
be sorry for their partnership, if not repen-  
tant for their dishonesty. You, my bro-  
ther's widow, will have what the law awards  
you, for your life, which, since you have no  
pittance, as I believe is the case, will be  
Nothing. You will find it difficult, out of  
the income which remains to you, to reward  
your accomplices to their satisfaction. You,  
sir—here she cast a contemptuous glance  
at Valentine—who, false to the trust re-  
posed in you, have chosen to cast in your lot  
with my enemies, will leave this house, the  
beggard that you came. And you, Evelyn  
Sefton, instead of being the heiress that  
you counted on and that I counted on also,  
if I am not mistaken, have fawned upon  
your uncle and this woman for these many  
years in vain, and must sooner or later get



your own living. Don't come to me for a character, that's all."

Mrs. Murphy, like the prudent Irish post-boy, had "kept a gallop for the avenue," her last sentence was what her artist husband might have justly designated as "a characteristic specimen of her early style"—malevolent, concise, and practical.

Evelyn bending down over Mrs. Woodford's chair was whispering some soothing words into the widow's ear, but the flush upon her cheek betrayed that one at least of the barbed arrows of Mrs. Murphy's speech had struck her.

"If you have quite done, Selma Murphy, I should like to say something," said Valentine Blake, in clear incisive tones.

"Who are you, sir, that dare to call me by my Christian name?" returned that lady angrily.

"One that has a right to do so, being—I blush to say it—of your kin and kin. I am your nephew, Charles Woodford."

Evelyn started, uttering an inarticulate cry, and would have fallen to the ground had not Valentine caught her in his arms.

"It is false!" cried Mrs. Murphy vehemently, but her face grew deadly white, and her thin lips pinked and parched the while she spoke.

"It is true," continued Valentine sternly. "When I left this roof eighteen years ago, an exile—thanks to you—from my native land, it was to pursue a profession which I detested. You used to call me headstrong and self-willed, Aunt Selma, and perhaps you were so far right. When I got to Rio, I found the calling my uncle had chosen for me insupportable. For some time previously—again thanks to your bitter tongue—we had not been on good terms. The first letter I got from him, when I was cross the seas, and sorely needed kindness, was a stern one. There was something in it more than sternness, but no matter, he is dead, and I have long forgiven it. I had but one friend in all the world, the faithful heart that beat against my own thimblestone. She was then a child, well treated by her uncle—though not by you—and to whom I could be of no further service. At that time, I by chance became acquainted with Giuseppe Garibaldi, who was about to take out letters of marque under the republic of Rio Grande, against Brazil. His rendezvous, I knew, was the island of Marica, in the harbor of Rio, where my fellow-exiles and I used sometimes to boat, after office hours. On the day before he sailed, we did so, and I contrived to slip overboard, as if by accident, swim to the island, and offered myself as a volunteer. For more than sixteen years, I was a soldier of fortune, hearing nothing of this dear one, but hoping for the best. My affection could do much for her, I knew, and indeed it would not those against her who should have been her natural protectors, but I never forgot you, Evelyn, never, never. When I was at last free to come to England, it was you only that I had in my thoughts. There would be no one else to welcome me. But I was fully determined not to discover myself unless it was for your own good. You perhaps had mourned for your old playfellow when you thought him dead; but that grief must have passed away long, long ago. If I had found you married, it is only what I expected to do. I doubtless you will forgive me now—whether you would ever remember me at all, I was very certain that none of you would recognize me. You do not do so, I see, even now."

"I should not think," observed Mrs. Murphy, smiling scornfully, but truthfully looking her foot upon the floor. "It is just as likely that a monkey should grow up to be a bear, as that you were ever my nephew."

"On the third day, madam, after my return to England," continued Valentine, without taking any notice of this disparaging image. "I met by chance your husband, Charles Murphy. I did not even know at that time that you were a married woman. I did not know of the existence of your son, or of that of Benjamin Woodford. I cherished no ill will against you, Heaven knows. Your husband had won upon me by his pleasant, kindly manner. I was quite prepared to forget the harshness with which you had treated me of old, and even if not for your own sake, yet for his to be friendly and cordial. I met you at your own house that very afternoon; I partook of your hospitality."

"Serpent!" hissed Selma between her teeth.

"I saw you at your best, and, as I suppose, you wished yourself to be seen. If I had found you kind, my womanly—if there had been any sign of tenderness about you—I would have told you who I was, and spared you the humiliation of this moment. But I found you implacable, unmerciful, malevolent, as I felt you, and even worse. If you had not so served your own base ends—put this tutelage into my hands, I still should have come down to Sandalwaite; I had returned to England for that purpose, but, thanks to you, I became, under the guise of tutor to that unhappy youth, an inmate of the very house in which I had passed my boyhood."

"A hypocrite by his own showing," observed Mrs. Woodford, smiling, suggesting a point for the jury.

"Say, Mr. Woodford," returned the tutor coolly, "we are sometimes compelled by circumstances, as you know by experience, to use other names than our own; and as far as obtaining the situation, your mother herself procured it for me, under conditions, and those conditions I have fulfilled. Through me, although unwillingly indeed—for I had no suspicion of the use to which she was putting my information—she learned the details of the lamentable scheme which death destroyed before it reached maturity, and fortunately before any wrong had been committed. You have suggested, Mrs. Murphy, that I have been of late a consenting party to it; but now you know who I am, you will scarcely accuse me of taking a conspiracy the effect of which would be to dishonor myself. I know nothing with certainty of the matter—although I do not deny I have had my suspicions for some time—until Mr. Woodford's death, after which Mary Ripson confessed all to me. Up to that time, I had never given a thought to the subject of the heirship of the Woodford estate. It did not seem to me that I had any part in the question. I was most glad, however, to learn from my employer that he intended simply to provide for Evelyn. It was

not for me to run the risk of depriving her of her uncle's bounty by the offer of my penniless hand. Had he lived, and matters remained as they were, I should by this time have been in Italy, not without hope, indeed, of one day having the right to press my darling's cheek to mine, but looking to it as a bliss far off, and to be patiently waited for. But we have loved one another, Evelyn, all along, I think; is it not so? You believe all that I have been saying, do you not? You acknowledge me to be your cousin?"

"Yes, yes, and more," returned Evelyn tenderly; always beautiful, she seemed to have re-entered her first youth, but with such a glow of happiness on her fair face as it had never worn when she was a maiden of eighteen.

"Otherwise, did you need proofs, they are here, Evelyn," continued Valentine. "In this pocket book—see—I have the letter in round text which your childish fingers penned to me while I was in Rio; and in this locket, at the back of Giuseppe's portrait, there is a tress of golden hair I robbed you of at parting. It has often been a streak of sunlight to me when clouds were darkest."

"It is easy to be deluded," observed Mrs. Murphy scornfully, "when self-interest favors our conviction. Of course, that girl will credit a story which, if true, would give her at once a lover and a fortune."

"The fox dies hard," returned Valentine quietly. "I know by your look and tone, madam, that I have done more than persuade a willing believer—I have convinced a stubborn woman against her will. If you really, however, desire further evidence, cross-examine me concerning events that took place here in my boyhood, and see if I do not recollect them far, far better—than those who have dwelt upon the spot during the intervening years. You are silent. I should have preferred such questions to come from yourself; but since you disdain to ask them, I appeal to any here who may still doubt the truth of what I say."

"There was a long pause, and then, all of a sudden, an unexpected voice cried: "Kiss me, Charlie!"

It was the first time Mrs. Woodford had spoken throughout the scene.

Her voice seemed to break the charm which held the rest in silence. "Master Charlie, Master Charlie!" was echoed by many a voice, and many a hand was stretched forth in honest welcome.

"Thank you, old friends, thank you," said Valentine, deeply moved, "you have made a precious morsel of it all," muttered Woody, discontentedly. "This comes of your being so very clever. I always thought that Blake was a bad lot from the time when he was a model; but you would have it, it was all right."

"My trust was indeed misplaced," answered his mother, solemnly, "but I did it for the best. It is difficult to plumb the depths of man's depravity."

"And all the money spent for nothing," continued the prudent youth, "and the extra pair of horses that you could have put on for the 'triumphal entry.' Oh dear, oh dear!—Look here, Mr. Charles Woodford, if that is really your name."

"Be silent, Woody," exclaimed his mother, authoritatively, "you shall not denigrate yourself by speaking to that man!"

"Pooh, pooh, you are a pretty one to advise folks," continued the disobedient lad. "Why, I am sure pa himself could not have mismanaged the business worse than you have done. Always know when you're beat. Perhaps Mr. Charles will make some compromise."

Valentine, clapping his lip, to repress a smile, gravely shook his head.

"Well, then—look—you will give me some compensation for the expense we have been put to—two journeys to Sandalwaite, and one hundred and fifty pounds paid to that scoundrel Dr. Warton."

"No, fifty pounds," returned Valentine, quietly. "I saw you count the notes into his hand with my own eyes in Sandalwaite church yard."

"Let us start, ma," ejaculated Woody, impatiently, "there is nothing to be got out of a woman's drooping lip like this. And off went mother and son in their postchaise and four, but by no means so triumphantly as they had come."

"There is only one person who has not shaken hands with me, and wished me joy," observed Valentine, gravely, as the noise of the carriage wheels died away. The whole party were still in the dining room, for not one had stirred to speed the late parting guests.

"I am not worthy to do so, no honest man would wish to take my hand, Master Charlie," answered the housekeeper, sobbing.

"Don't you be so sure of that," returned Valentine, smiling to himself. "At all events, I shall take it; and since the offense committed has been against me—for I, you see, was the person whom you strove to keep out of my boyhood—surely it remains with me, and nobody else, to forgive it. From this moment, let all who have any respect for Master Charlie, remember this—I do not wish to hear of it any more. And Clementina, there, looking upon Mrs. Woodford's pained and worn face, his voice sank to very tender tones—"the night before you left this house, under sad circumstances, a quarter of a century ago, you did not forget, and your own servants, to think of those of others. Evelyn and I were children then—not very happy ones; and you called us to you, and bade us love one another; and you told me to grow up a soldier and a gentleman; and when I married, 'my little wife, as I used to call her then, to be sure to treat her kindly; and then you said, 'God bless you, dear.' Will you please to say so now once more?"

Mrs. Woodford's lips moved feebly, but only the pair who stood beside her could catch her whispered speech. "I am a wicked woman, dear, and have scarcely a right to speak of God at all; but I remember the time you mention, Charlie, and what I said. I said that you two had a chance—for many men and women, alas, have not—of being all in all to one another; and you will be so—yes, I am sure you will. To see you thus, gives me what I have not known for twenty years—a moment's genuine happiness. God bless you both, my dears."

## CHAPTER XL.

### CONCLUSION.

The last chapter of a novel, when the future position of the principal personages has been indicated, is like the second quarter of an hour of our meeting with a home friend after years of absence. We have learned how father and mother are, and sisters and brothers, and all the nearest and dearest to us. Excitement has abated, but it interests us still to hear how it has been faring with our less intimate friends, and even acquaintances.

With the great masters of the art of story telling, we look for the final position of the inferior characters exactly as if they were of flesh and blood; as if one should ask: "And, by-the-by, what became of old So-and-so, you remember, who used to live at what d'ye call it?" Now, although the present writer is by no means such a fool as some critics have endeavored to make out, he has little hope of playing this part of Chorus to an audience engrossed and attentive to the last. Some pestilent members of it, whom we have been vainly perhaps addressing as "Dear Readers" all along, are already putting on their hats and coats, now that they perceive the climax has arrived, without paying the least regard to that more discriminating portion of the assembly who wish to see our little drama played out to the end. This is disastrous, to say the least of it, to the poor playwright, who has done his best to please, and has worked very hard (though joyously) to do so for these twelve months. Sit down, we pray you, for five minutes longer, when the curtain will fall.

George Adams has married his first love. This, perhaps, does not please you; I am sorry for that, but I am only stating facts. Between ourselves, George was always a much more sentimental sort of person than his Mary, although she was so greatly addicted to romance-reading; and although her conduct in permitting her own offspring to be palmed off upon society as the heir of Dewbank Hall, offended his sense of justice exceedingly. "Master Charlie," who, as we know, had the greatest influence over him, persuaded him to overlook that. His profession (if you recollect) was that of an Over-looker. Perhaps Mary Ripson was not in need of much persuasion, but she really had considerable excuse for her share in the matter. That packet of letters which Valentine found her reading with such eager interest was the immediate cause of her second marriage. It had been found upon the dead body of her late husband, and consisted of the whole of the intercepted correspondence between herself and George. Why Miles had preserved what would have done him nothing but harm, I cannot tell, but in that he only acted as we find vicarious, and especially criminal, persons continually do act. Perhaps it pleased his natural malevolence to refer to these avowals of affection, which were never (as he thought) to meet the eyes for which they were written; and doubtless they nursed his wrath against his unhappy wife, and kept it warm, when maybe his conscience needed some apology for his ill treatment of her. We have all of us reasons for what we do; but certainly Miles Ripson's wishes were not directly carried out by the falling of these interesting missives into his widow's hands. They had all the effect—nay, more than the effect—which they would have had upon her, had they just come through the post, instead of being delayed in delivery for twenty years. At eight-and-thirty she felt more in love with George Adams than ever.

After mutual explanations, diplomatically conducted by Master Charlie, the high contracting parties were married. I have said that Miles Ripson's wishes were not directly carried out; but scandal, which, as we have seen, Miles was not without some extent even at Sandalwaite, does venture to affirm that George is not so entirely the master of his own house as Miles was. He has given up his situation at the wall mine—the locality, as may be easily imagined, being very distasteful to Mrs. Adams—and dwells at Ander Hook, where there is now another room added to the accommodations of the house, that would have made old Tyson Harrison stare more than any of his immediate successors' vagaries—namely, a library, all fiction. Mr. and Mrs. Adams are, however, a happy pair.

Mr. Wilson is still alive; the last representative, perhaps, of that race of simple English painters such as Chaucer's verse portrays.

Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert Drew.

And tender Goldsmith crowned with death's lonely praise.

His comely wife is still, by Sandalwaite notation, a young woman; and their daughter Lucy has grown an obedient damsel, waiting patiently, with a prudent horror of all clandestine attachments, for the husband that her parents may provide for her. It is rumored that this favored mortal is likely to be the new curate of the parish, who has been introduced by Mr. Charles Woodford, and at his expense, to lighten her father's labors, an agreeable young divine, with the most accurate of white cravats, and a butlerless waitership, when in he invests himself by means, if not miraculous, at all events unintelligible to his parishioners.

Claude Murphy still works hard at his profession, and has gained considerable reputation of late for his really beautiful flesh-colors. His paintings are of the Elysian school. Having said this, it is almost unnecessary to add that he is separated from his wife. After her return from that unsuccessful expedition to Dewbank Hall, Selma's temper became absolutely unbearable, and Claude left her—with those four thousand pounds intact. At fifty-four, Claude began the world again, with little, as he himself expressed it, save a light heart and a thin pair of breeches; "but then," as he added with his pleasant smile, "it was such a novelty to be allowed to wear them." Matters would have gone rather hard with him, but for a certain seventy-five pounds which reached him with great regularity every three months. This gratuity is anonymous, or rather in the interior of the first packet which contained them was written only these few words: "From Androclous; to be paid quarterly." He would be very welcome at Dewbank Hall to all, save one person. But while Mrs. Woodford senior is still alive, the husband of her sister-in-law—although

they are not a devoted couple—can never be received under that roof. Selma still dwells in Rhadegund Street with her beloved Woody, who, it is said, comports himself towards her far from dutifully. He often remarks (by no means in confidence) that she has conducted the business of life in a very unsatisfactory manner—"My ma" (to use his exact expression) "has behaved like an old fool."

Earnest Woodford's widow, as we have said, yet living, if living that can be called which does not include motion. Her limbs are paralyzed, and those white plump hands (for her mere bodily health has strangely improved), he folded before her, which were wont to be so elegantly busy. She suffers no physical pain, and no longer touches opium; while her brain (fortunately or not for her, we dare not say) is clearer than it has been for years.

Charles and Evelyn are unremitting in their attention to her; and she always musters up a cheerful smile to welcome their presence; when her nephew comes to wish her good-night, as he does not fail to do every evening, she manages to whisper:—"Kiss me, Charlie." It is late for the poor lady to begin to love her fellow-creatures; but she has at last made a commencement with those two.

There are some very happy households in pastoral Cumberland, but it is allowed that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodford are the happiest couple in all the country-side. They are not a very youthful pair—the husband is thirty-six, the wife is twenty-eight—but, on the other hand, they fell in love with one another much earlier than usual. She was his "little wife," remember, twenty years ago. A union of this sort is very rare; but where two people have been acquainted from childhood as intimately as brother and sister, it seems reasonable to suppose—neither having a fault or a virtue of which the other is not cognizant—that they should understand one another better than the young folk whose engagement has been, as is usual—only of a few months' duration. They cannot, at all events, complain of being deceived. It is a great and pleasant change for the poor folks about, to get their old friend, Master Charlie, in place of the Black Squire; but Evelyn remains to them much the same, except that she has, of course, far greater opportunities for usefulness. The state of their aunt's health precludes the leaving Dewbank Hall for any prolonged period; indeed they do not wish to do so. Sandalwaite, endeared to them by a thousand recollections of early days, is their natural home.

A few years ago, however, when the great hero of Italy, the simple Farmer of Caprea, was received in London with such a welcome as has never been paid by Englishmen even to one of their own nation, Valentine came up to town, by special agreement, to pay his loving homage to Giuseppe. That great man would, without doubt, have honored Dewbank Hall with his presence, but for circumstances with which we are all acquainted. It is not so generally known, that the first British baby to whom the hero stood godfather, by proxy, (it was just before the unhappy affair of Aspromonte,) was one Garibaldi, the infant son of Charles and Evelyn Woodford, of Sandalwaite, Cumberland.

There is not the slightest reason for suspecting this time, although Selma has her doubts, that the heir of Dewbank Hall is a supposititious child. [THE END.]

## A New Galvanic Battery.

We have had in use in our laboratory a most singular looking piece of apparatus, devised by Moses G. Farmer, Esq., the well-known electrician, of this city. It is a new form of instrument for converting heat into electricity; and most satisfactorily does it perform its work. All that is necessary to put it into active operation, is to light a gas jet, and in a few moments the electrical impulses are manifested, and the battery is ready to be set to work. It deposits metals with great facility, and the development of the agent is constant and uniform so long as the heat is supplied. It resembles a "fatted porcupine" as much as anything we can compare it with. The metals employed in its construction are antimony and copper. The strips or arms of copper protrude outwards from the bars of antimony, so as to secure the cooling influence of an air current, while the gas is heating the other extremity. A portion of the heat of the flame is transformed over into electricity, thus showing the easy convertibility of one impalpable into another, and the correlation of the forces.

Here we have a battery which works without the aid of acids, or any physical agent whatever; and telegraph lines can now be worked over long distances with no other battery power than that afforded by an ordinary lamp, or jet of gas. Truly, science is progressive.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

Professor Muller and other German physiologists declare that in all probability the best portions of the Grecian literature have failed to reach us, and that upon the whole, one-seventh of the total result of the Hellenic activity as embodied in books, has perished utterly and forever. In a modified degree, the same may be affirmed of Roman literature.

In preaching or teaching, manner determines to a considerable extent the influence exerted upon the feelings of the hearer. Of its power in a speaker no more striking instance can be afforded than in the celebrated speech of Edmund Burke, at the trial of Warren Hastings. The accused governor-general subsequently described the emotions excited in his own breast during that wondrous invective, in the following terms:—"For half an hour I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and during that space I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth. But I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered."

A lesson in will-making has been given by a lawyer. The last testament of the late Mr. Edward James, who was a member for Manchester, is contained in these few words:—"This is my last will, dated July 20, 1898. I devise and bequeath my estate to my wife, Mary James, her heirs, executors, and administrators, and appoint her the executrix."

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

### Splendid Inducements for 1898.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelties for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Mrs. V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

### The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, is the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

### BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

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TERMS: \$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (in all respects) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

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No. 219 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

### Successful Actors and Actresses.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson has the reputation of being one of the most financially successful members of the theatrical profession. A large proportion of his wealth was acquired years since in Australia and California. His profits at present average two thousand dollars a week. The "season" is about thirty weeks.

Edwin Booth has the reputation of being the wealthiest member, however, of the American theatrical corps. His season is also about thirty weeks. His average is three thousand dollars a week. His new theatre will not be finished until December. In the interval it is rumored that he will fill an engagement at Pike's Opera House, in this city.

Among the other actors who are earning good incomes are Mr. J. E. Owens, whose receipts are \$1,000 a night; Mr. Barney Williams, who has already amassed a handsome fortune, and who averages \$500 a week, with Mrs. Barney Williams as much more in the season; John Broughman, who makes about \$800 a week; Mrs. Lander, the same. J. F. Mardock is also very wealthy. Miss Margie Mitchell, who is always, and has been from the first, very successful, makes about \$1,500 a week; Lotta, the next most successful actress, a sprightly little bit of "quick-silver," who has risen into celebrity only within the past two years, makes about \$600 a week; J. S. Clarke, about the same, or possibly about \$1,000; Mrs. D. P. Bowers, \$500; E. L. Davenport, \$500; J. W. Wallack, \$500; Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, \$500; Edwin Adams, \$500; J. H. Hackett, \$500; Miss Lucille Western, \$500.—*N. Y. Post.*

It was on the night of the fourteenth of April, 1865, now nearly three years ago, that the assassin conspirator, Payne, attempted to take the life of Secretary Seward. Ever since that occurrence, a military guard has been on duty about the residence of the Secretary for the protection of its inmates. Throughout the entire day and night a sentry, with loaded musket, still paces back and forth on the sidewalk in front of the mansion, and the report of his musket would bring a squad of soldiers to the spot immediately. It may be that the guard is there only for the purpose of quieting the nerves of the feminine portion of the household, but the more probable inference is, that the Secretary or his friends fear another attempt upon his life.

Professor Tyndall having recently demonstrated by scientific illustrations that a small might be felt, he now has a rival in a German doctor, who has invented an apparatus by which thunder is made visible through the object-glass of a telescope.

The Saturday Review, in reference to sensational literature, says that of late years it has declined, not so much from being written down, as being written out. It no longer pleasantly excites, but where it does not disgust, it wears.

In the mosquito range of Texas, away to the south at El Paso, there is a famous ranch owned by Messrs. King & Kennedy, which is doubtless the largest stock-ranch in the world. The cattle graze out for a radius of fifty miles, and are looked after mainly by Mexican herders. The number of calves branded the past year will foot up 16,000, and the number of cattle belonging to the ranch is estimated at 100,000. There are now between 15,000 and 20,000 marketable beeves there. Besides this stock, there are also horses, mules, sheep and goats, which are almost equal in number to the horned cattle. A free hotel is kept on the ranch for the benefit of such customers, and the amount of patronage it receives is said to be as great as any hotel in Texas.

The New York Independent asserts that the colored delegates from South Carolina were assured that any properly-elected loyal representative will be admitted into Congress without regard to his color.







## WIT AND HUMOR.

## How to Tell a Good Teacher.

A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wal, I didn't teach long; that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wal, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out."

"Why did you give up?"

"Wal, I give it up for some reason or another. You see I travelled into a deestrick and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my elopie, interducing myself and asked what he thought about lettin me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the deestrick. He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my hand writing. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait."

"Let me see you walk off a little ways," says he, "and I can tell jist well's I'd heard you examined," says he.

"He sot in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'able frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough—then I speered a thing was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shot, and Snickles was gone!"

"Did you go back?"

"Wal, no—I didn't go back."

"Did you apply for another school?"

"Wal, no—I didn't apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville. "I rather judged my appearance was agin me."

## No Reasonable Offer Refused.

In the show windows of one of our shops there was posted not many years since this placard: "No reasonable offer refused." It changed that a very pretty maiden was a clerk in the establishment. A youth just in the tender peach-bloom period, being somewhat enamored of the fair lady, noticed the placard as he passed by, and at once rushed into the store, when the following conversation ensued:—

Youth to the fair: "I noticed your placard in the window, and thought I'd come in."

"Yes," said the lady, "glad to see you; let me sell you some goods."

"Well," said the youth, "I would like to buy some dry goods, but I want a pretty little face in 'em. I thought as you refused no reasonable offer, I would take the best dress pattern you have, and also yourself."

"Very well," said the fair clerk, "I must stick to the text. It's a trade. Pay for the dress, and I'll throw myself into it in the bargain."

There was soon after a wedding, and the sign, "No reasonable offer refused," became quite popular among the lady clerks of the city.—*Leicester Journal.*

## Determined to Persevere.

A little four or five year old boy was seated at the table eating his dinner. A small out of beefsteak was given him, and taking it up in his hands he resolutely endeavored to get a bite off the end of it. It being pretty tough—as beefsteak sometimes happens to be—he pulled, and jerked, and grunted at the task a little more than was consistent with modern ideas of polite dining. After a few earnest struggles all in vain, he turned to his mother with a look of mingled energy and despair, and said, through his vexation and tears, "Mamma, me's gone to have a piece off this meat or pull my meat out!"

AN APOLOGY.—An old and popular Irish clergyman had a disagreement with one of his parishioners, who was an extremely refractory character of great wealth, but of low origin, vulgar habits and abusive tongue. Upon hearing from a third party that his ancestry had been spoken of disparagingly by this rich heir, the old parson, baying a Scriptural metaphor, exclaimed, "Why, sir, my father would not have set him with the dogs of his flock." This remark reached the ear of the nabob, who immediately repaired to the clergyman and demanded an apology. The good old man listened patiently to the ravings of his parishioner, and closed the discussion with the remark: "Did I really say that my father would not have set you with his dogs? I was wrong, sir; I believe he would."

VERY POOR.—One of the unfortunate juveniles who visit the hotels and solicit pennies was asked,

"Where is your mother?"

She answered, diffidently,

"She is dead."

"Have you no father?"

"Yes, sir—but he is sick."

"What ails him?" continued the questioner.

"He has got a sore finger, sir."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't he cut it off, then?"

"Please, sir," responded the little maid, "he han't got any money to buy a knife."

A POINT OF ORDER.—An amusing incident recently occurred in the Virginia Convention. Two artists were taking sketches of the Assembly while one of the white delegates was speaking. A colored member having discovered the artists, suddenly interrupted the speaker by saying he "rose to a point of order." The Chairman asked him to state his point of order, when he said:—"Am dis a convention, or am it a photograph gallery?" He was informed it was a convention. The speaker proceeded.

A tipsy loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night. "Well," said he, "if somebody ain't stuck an advertisement on the moon!"



## EDUCATION!

PAPA (improving the occasion at luncheon).—"Now, look, Harry, the circumference of this cake is equal to about three times the diameter, and—"

HARRY.—"Oh, then, Pa, let me have the circumference for my share!"

## Another of Mr. Lincoln's Stories.

A gentleman called upon Mr. Lincoln seeking a pardon for a young surgeon in the Confederate service, who had passed clandestinely through the Union lines under mitigating circumstances, but had been arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement during the war. After hearing the case the President said—"I cannot interfere; I must not offend Secretary—"

"That cannot happen," said the petitioner; "Secretary—"

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## AGRICULTURAL.

## The Proper Time for Selling.

Farmers generally do not give enough attention to raising large crops, and too much to obtaining large prices. In fact many devote most of their thoughts to the latter. Some of the best managers, on the other hand, have adopted this simple rule, to sell as soon as they are ready—and they receive as much in the long run, as those who spend days of anxious inquiry and nights of sleepless thought, on the best mode of getting an additional cent on the bushel. One of them remarked to us recently—"When I was young and in debt, I was compelled to sell my grain and wool without delay, in order to meet my payments; but since I have got out of debt, I often keep them for months, in order to receive higher prices. I find in the average of years, that I did better then than now. I run the risk of losing by rats, lose something by weight in drying, lose still more in interest, and have all the risk and trouble of storage." We well knew two neighbors, each of whom had a crop of wheat. Neighbor A said that he intended to sell as soon as the price reached \$1.75, which it did in a few days, and he sold. Neighbor B said to him, "You have sold too soon—wheat's going up. I am going to have \$2 for mine." A replied, "I think \$1.75 enough—it pays me well, and I would not lie awake nights for a month, anxious to know what the price will be, for the difference of a quarter on a bushel." It continued to rise, but did not come up to \$2, and B kept his crop over till the next year, when he sold it for \$1.25.

There is an unaccountable expectation with many that they may sell exactly at the very highest figure, which requires a degree of shrewdness and foreknowledge which no mortal can possess. If they make a mistake as they call it, and sell anywhere below the highest point, they are dissatisfied—consider themselves imposed on—cheated—and resolve not to be served so again by selling too soon. They are better satisfied with a greater mistake, by keeping their crops too long. A single error in selling early, generally leads to about five errors in selling late. This accounts for the strange "holding on" often practiced in farming districts. We had a fine specimen of it last autumn. Farmers would not sell, and business remained idle till nearly winter. Then sales were effected in a hurry, boats were loaded in a hurry—all of which did not prevent the immense loss occasioned by millions of bushels being hopelessly frozen in the canal.

Farmers are hard to satisfy. Many years ago wheat ran up for a short time to \$2. A purchaser wishing to obtain some very fine seed wheat, offered the farmer \$2.25—which, exciting his suspicions and increasing his rapacity, he refused to sell the next year at half price. It seems that the higher rates advance, the more dissatisfied many become. We can well remember when the standard price for wheat in Western New York, was three shillings, (37c.) per bushel—some was actually sold for one shilling. Now that the price is two dollars and a half or more, we find owners as much dissatisfied as ever. This dissatisfaction induces them to hold out against their own interest, as already shown. We should be glad if some of our readers would keep a record for the next ten years, embracing the following points: On one side place the price of grain on the first of October; on the other, the price on the first of May, deducting from the latter, the waste by keeping, rats, weevil, &c., the shrinkage by drying, the trouble and cost of storage, and the interest on the whole—then observe on which side the greatest amount of profit is found. We have no doubt the experiment would prove a useful one, and show the propriety of selling when there is a fair demand in market.—*Country Gentleman.*

## Farmers' Clubs.

The Eastern family that locates on a Western prairie needs advice and sympathy. Everything is new—the climate, the soil, the vegetables and the animals. The sun, moon and stars have a Western look. Even the wind that whistles around the cabin has its peculiarities. The neighbors may greet such a family with much cordiality, but still how lonesome they often feel!

Here is a grand field for a farmers' club, and we are glad to know that at least one

such association improves it well. A correspondent informs us that the Farmers' Club of Goodhue, Minnesota, furnishes each new settler with garden seeds, corn, and gooseberry bushes, strawberry plants for a large garden bed, one vine each of the Concord and Hartford prolific grapes, with a lot of grape wood of several varieties. If unable to procure his seed wheat, potatoes, corn, oats, &c., he is furnished with them and then pays for them from the proceeds of his second crop. He has access to the library and reading room.

From statistics collected by this club, it appears that while the average yield of wheat for the whole State is put at thirteen bushels per acre, the average of this settlement, which has 7,540 acres under cultivation was 19.8 bushels per acre, the past year, on old ground. They raised 143,040 bushels of grain this last season. With harvest hands at \$1 per day, \$3.50 for team work, \$2 per bushel for seed wheat, 12c per bushel for hauling to market, 7c per bushel for threshing, besides "finishing" or keeping teams and men, and our own work at \$2 per day, our field account, says our correspondent, shows a net profit of \$14 per acre. Large farm houses, commodious barns, cattle sheds, substantial granaries and out-buildings, well cultivated fields, good fences, well built school houses, three churches, tell of the fruitfulness of our soil.—*New England Farmer.*

## Early Plants.

Make a hot-bed in March, or scoop out turnips, fill them with rich soil, and sow seeds in them. Of course they must be put in a warm place and kept properly moistened. Fill any box—one that raisins, or starch, or salt came in—with rich soil, thoroughly mixed with fine manure, and sow tomato or other seeds on it. Set it in the kitchen, keep it properly moistened—not too wet—and where it will have the sun a portion of the day. Almost any quantity of plants that a farmer may need, may be secured in this way. Thin so that they may have plenty of room, and when two inches high transplant and set still wider apart; at four or five inches high transplant again. This will cause the plants to grow stocky and strong, instead of tall and slender. If transplanted with care, even a third time, they will be all the better for it.

The best soil is a sandy loam, made rich by manure that is old and well rotted. Sow at different periods so as to have plants coming in succession; then if some fail, those coming may take their places. These are mere suggestion; practice will enable you to succeed in obtaining what you want.—*New England Farmer.*

## RECEIPTS.

A NICE BREAKFAST RELISH.—Chip some smoked beef, and drop into boiling water to soften. Let it lie ten minutes, and then put it into a skillet with a little boiling water, and stir gently for twenty minutes. Pour off the water, put in a little butter, and some pepper, and pour in a half a teaspoon of cream, five minutes before taking from the fire.

WESTPHALIAN POTATO PANCAKES.—Skin and scrape large, raw, mealy potatoes; mix them with some salt, and put to each plateful one egg; beat well, and, if necessary, add a little milk. Put two tablespoonfuls of this into a pan, and fry them in butter or lard over a brisk fire, browning them on both sides. They should be crisp, and served very hot. Chopped onion with the scraped potatoes much improves the taste.

POTATOES FILLED WHOLE.—When nearly boiled enough, put small potatoes into a stewpan with butter, or beef dripping; shake them about to prevent burning, till they are brown and crisp; drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement if they are floured and dipped in the yolk of an egg, and then rolled in finely sifted breadcrumbs. This is the ordinary French method.

FRENCH OMELETS.—Omelettes AUX FINES HERBES.—Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped eschaloats, one of chopped parsley, a half one of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three large tablespoonfuls of cream; beat them well together, then put two ounces of butter in an omelet pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and as soon as the butter is sufficiently hot, pour in the eggs; stir them round quickly until delicately set, shake the pan round, then leave it a moment to color the omelet, hold the pan in a slanting position, turn it on to your dish and serve it immediately. It must not be too much done.

OMELETTE ORDINAIRE.—Beat the yolks and the whites of four eggs together, with a tablespoonful of milk, and a little salt and pepper, and fry as above directed.

OMELETTE SUCREE.—The same as the above, on which, however, powdered sugar is to be strewn, and cross-marks afterward made over it with a hot iron.

TO MAKE A POTATO SALAD, the potatoes must be boiled and cold, cut in slices, with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and a little parsley, and just move them gently round. We can also slice beef which has been boiled in broth, and take the same dressing, only adding mustard.

PICKLE OYSTERS.—Let them be opened carefully, and keep all their liquor; wash them in it and then strain it. Give the oysters one bowl with their own liquor and a little mace; pour them into a pan and cover them close. When cold, drain off the liquor and boil it with a little white wine, whole white pepper and salt. When the oysters are put in a crock, pour it over them and keep them to the air.

TO PURIFY WATER.—A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hoghead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be thoroughly purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

CEMENT FOR GLASS.—An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire (taking especial care that it does not boil over) one ounce of isinglass in two wineglasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

## THE RIDDLE.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 1, 11, 19, 13, 14, is one of the points of the compass.

My 2, 29, 7, 13, is a figure.

My 3, 15, 17, 27, is an article of food.

My 4, 17, 34, 2, 12, 21, 22, 23, is a day of the week.

My 5, 32, 12, 27, is a grain.

My 6, 15, 16, 13, is very desirable after a journey.

My 7, 18, is a preposition.

My 8, 19, 33, 34, is a figure of the head and shoulders.

My 9, 17, 13, is what we all must do to live.

My 10, 19, 27, is what we all enjoy.

My 11, 22, 20, is used by boatmen.

My 12, 17, 10, 18, 15, 12, is used in building.

My 13, 11, 9, is a part of man.

My 14, 26, 17, 25, 9, 27, is spoken of in the Bible.

My 21, 22, 23, is a period of time.

My 24, 25, 15, 20, 20, 9, 34, is a man's name.

My 28, is one of the vowels.

My 30, 29, 13, is to procure.

My 31, 24, 27, is an article of great value.

My whole is something which all should do.

M. J. B. BROOKS.

Sinnemahoning, Jan. 22, 1868.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 14, 7, 20, 2, is a narrow passage.

My 15, 15, 16, 17, is a part of the body.

My 1, 9, 23, 18, is a measure.

My 6, 19, 4, 10, 25, is a fruit.

My 3, 15, 21, is an animal.

My 19, 5, 19, is a grain.

My 12, 21, 11, 24, 5, is a prop.

My 21, 22, 10, 8, 19, 5, is a fowl.

My whole is the name and address of a reader of the "Saturday Evening Post."

February 3, 1868.

## Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two numbers whose product is 300, and the difference of their cubes is 37 times the cube of their difference. What are the numbers?

W. H. MORROW.

Iraia Station, Pa.

An answer is requested.

## Algebraic Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men, A and B, bought 300 acres of land for \$12,000, of which A paid \$8,000, and B \$4,000. For certain reasons, they agreed to divide the land so that B should pay \$15 per acre more than A. How much land did each man get—and what did he pay per acre?

A. G. COOK.

Salem, Ohio.

An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

Q. Judy asks, Why is an "heir-apparent" to a throne like an umbrella in dry weather? A. Because he's ready for the next reign.

Q. Why would Venus descending from Olympus be like a liberal husband? A. Because she would come down handsome.

Q. Why is a goose like a cow's tail? A. Because they both grow down.

Q. What religious sect should make the best gardeners? A. Buddhists of the Flowery Land.

Q. Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage, like an exhausted pedestrian? A. Because he can't go a step farther.

## Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The Isle of Man." RIDDLE—Leap Year.

## A Singular Language.

It seems there is an economy in language of which we spendthrifts who speak English have no knowledge. Prof. Max Muller, the great philologist, says that in the Chinese, the Annamite, and likewise in the Siamese, and Burmese languages, one single sound does duty for a great variety of meanings. "Thus," he says, in "Annamite, 'ba,' pronounced with the grave accent, means a lady or an ancestor; pronounced with a sharp accent, it means the favorite of a prince; pronounced with the semi-grave accent, it means what has been thrown away; pronounced with the grave circumflex, it means what is left of a fruit after the juice has been squeezed out; pronounced with no accent, it means three; pronounced with the ascending or interrogative accent, it means a box on the ear. Thus, Ba, Ba, Ba, B, B, B, is said to mean, if properly pronounced, 'Three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favorite of the prince.' Who would believe that so much could be said with one syllable? The childish ditty about 'Ba, ba, black sheep,' will hereafter have a new significance. People who are economical of their words should study Annamite, by all means.

## Whistling Girls.

Notwithstanding the old proverb, a writer steps forward to defend whistling girls in this independent fashion:—"Show me the girl who has the hardihood to whistle in these days, when everything natural, even to the very hair of your head, is at a discount, and I'll show you a girl who can be depended upon, one who will not fail you in time of need, and will give you the true, hearty grasp, the cordial handshake, the warm, genuine welcome; no tip of the kid glove and a cold 'how do you do?' who can brave danger, look toil in the face without shrinking, laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep; as well as whistle with those that whistle, who can, in short, take the world as she finds it, rough and rugged, and not go through life as though she were walking on eggs and afraid of cracking a shell; who deals in substance, not shadow."